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OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,

Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For JULY, 1812.

VOL. VIII.

The Forty-third Number.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

	PAGE
1. VIEW OF MAIDSTONE	14
2. ——— POLITO'S MENAGERIE, EXETER CHANGE	27
3. LADIES' EVENING DRESS	43
4. ——— PROMENADE DRESS	*ib.*
5. FRENCH CURTAIN	52
6. ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, *with Patterns of British Manufactures*	53
7. PATTERNS FOR NEEDLE-WORK	54

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Conversations on the Arts, by *Juninus*	1
On the Origin of the Melodrama, with Biographical Notes and Anecdotes relating to the Composer Benda, its Inventor	6
Old Gregory; from the unpublished Tale of *Trick and Trifle; or, The Man of Sentiment,* by George Fitz-George	11
Description of Maidstone	14
The Modern Spectator, No. XVI.	17
Extracts from the Correspondence of an eminent Physician	21
Fragments, Anecdotes, &c.	22
On Commerce, No. XXI.	26
Description of Polito's Menagerie, Exeter Change	27
Etymological Novelties, No. III.	31
Intelligence, Literary, Scientific, &c.	35
Musical Review.—Bishop's Music to the Virgin of the Sun—Mugnié's L'Amour piqué — Clementi and Co.'s Collection of Rondos, &c. Nos. 53 and 54—Rolfe's six Divertimentos—Mugnié's La Colombe reperdue—Schultz's six Variations for the Harp—Horsley's Maid of Toro—Wesley's Deserter's Meditations	38
Fashions for Ladies	43
Twenty-fourth Letter from a young Lady in London to her Sister in the Country	44
Retrospect of Politics.—Spanish Peninsula—Spanish Colonies—North of Europe—Naval Intelligence—Domestic Intelligence	45
Fashionable Furniture	52
Medical Report	*ib.*
Agricultural Report	53
Allegorical Wood-cut, with Patterns	*ib.*
Poetry	54
London Markets	59
Meteorological Table—Manchester	60
Meteorological Table—London	61
Prices of Companies' Shares	*ib.*
Prices of Stocks	62

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, *needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

Vasco de Gama's *Observations on the Commercial Intercourse with Africa are received, and will probably find a place in our next Number.*

The Correspondent who transmitted the Lines of Ninon de l'Enclos *is informed, that we shall endeavour to make room for them among our Miscellaneous Anecdotes.*

Our Poetical Correspondents will perceive by our present Number, that we have not relinquished that interesting department of the Repository, *but have made a permanent arrangement for the introduction of their favours, which are earnestly solicited.*

A Biographical Account of Mr. Wölfl, *the celebrated Musical Composer, is received, and is intended for our next publication.*

At the commencement of a new Volume of our Work, we beg leave to remind such of our Readers as have imperfect sets, of the necessity of an early application for the deficient Numbers, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 4s. 6d. *per Volume.*

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——————The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNINUS.

(Continued from vol. VII. p. 323.)

Miss EVE. Have you any poetry by any other of the successful candidates?

Miss *K.* Yes; here is a piece by the gentleman who gained the second prize. It is an epilogue, spoken at the Richmond theatre by Mrs. Jordan, in July 1791, when taking leave of that place for the season; written for the occasion by W. H. Bunbury, Esq. :—

Here doom'd no longer or to romp or sing,
Or as a beau in breeches be the thing;
To mem'ry still shall all your sports appear,
The sprightly pastimes I have witness'd here;
Each manly exercise the green adorning,
The fist the ev'ning, and the bat the morning;
Butchers full gallop, or a baker's barrow,
Annoying ladies in the lanes so narrow;
Nags who, knock'd up, refuse to mount the hill,
Yet find their way at last into the bill.
By wives molested not, or country cousins,
Here bucks come down to pay their rumps and dozens,
And dare no more than does become a man,
To be as little losers as they can.
Methinks a poet here of any kind,
Or gay, or pensive, may a subject find;
Here both spring-guns and sparagrass abound,
And plumbs and steel-traps spread their lures around;
In golden barges where the city dames,
Lugg'd by a horse up great old father Thames,
Midst waving streamers and tobacco fumes,
Nodding to drums and trumpets Dollman's plumes;
Where belles in boats sit broiling in the sun,
And maids of honour turn out hot at one;
Where Miss, her flame exposing with her face,
To flirt and ogle finds both time and place,
Fishing by turns for compliments and dace:
Here I, alas! no longer shall have leisure,
To gape at parties, as they're call'd, of pleasure;
No more in such gay doings must partake,
But from my comic lethargy awake;
Leave off this strain, and tune my note anew,
And bid to Richmond a more fond adieu.
Richmond, where Nature's partial hand is trac'd,
With all her richest charms supremely grac'd,
Can I, unmov'd, your friendly mansions fly,
Or quit these scenes without a grateful sigh?
For you your smiles to Jobson's wife extended,
And her gown gone, poor Beatrice befriended;
Caress'd Hyppolita and all her pranks,
And sure Miss Peggy owes you many thanks;
The gallant Sylvia could some mirth afford,
And little Pickle sung, and you encor'd.
May this last effort for indulgence sue,
And be the last, not least approv'd by you!

Farewell! what pleasure does reflection cause,
And dear remembrance of your kind applause,
Applause that banish'd each intruding care,
And rais'd this little frame to welkin air!
Once more adieu—parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I could say good night till it were morrow.

Miss *Eve.* Who is Sir John Suckling that you mentioned among the men of genius who decided the prizes?

Miss *K.* He was an excellent poet, the son of Sir John Suckling; he was born at Witham, in Essex, in 1613, and died in 1642, at the age of 29.

Miss *Eve.* Have you any of his poetry?

Miss *K.* My dear Miss Eve, how few girls have such a love for the arts and poetry as you! Most of our sex at our age are like Fontenelle's girl pursued by Apollo.

Miss *Eve.* How was that?

Miss *K.*

I am, cried Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
And panting for breath the coy virgin pursued,
When his wisdom in manner most ample express'd
The long list of the graces his godship possess'd:

I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays,
Not for lays or sweet song the fair fugitive stays;
I'm the god of the harp—stop, my fairest!—in vain—
Not the harp or the harper could fetch her again.

Ev'ry plant, ev'ry flow'r, and their virtues I know,
God of light I'm above, and of physic below.
At the dreadful word *physic* the nymph fled more fast,
At the fatal word *physic* she doubled her haste.

Thou fond god of wisdom, then alter thy phrase,
Bid her view thy young bloom and thy ravishing rays;
Tell her less of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,
And my life for't the damsel will fly to thy arms.

Miss *Eve.* I forgot to ask you if Richmond was not formerly called Sheen.

Miss *K.* Yes; King Henry VII. built a palace there, and altered the name of the place to Richmond, from his own title (the Duke of Richmond), before his accession to the throne, on the defeat and death of Richard III. at Bosworth, near Leicester, August 22, 1485.

Here is some poetry by Sir John Suckling, who wrote several plays. He was very remarkable for the gaiety of his dress and the politeness of his address, and raised a regiment for Charles I. which he himself commanded. This piece is a ballad written on occasion of a wedding, and gives an idea of the manners of the beginning of the 17th century.

Miss *Eve.* Suckling copied Nature—I particularly admire these two verses:

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly:
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

I should like, my dear Miss K. for us at some future time, to view, in disguise, the face of genuine, unadulterated nature. A few freaks of this kind would much contribute to improvement, and, if well managed, might be enjoyed with innocence. There is but little risk if we could well sustain our parts. We have each of us a tongue, and

plenty of money, that would soon extricate us from any adverse accident.—There is a humorous idea in a print which I have seen of an officer stealing an heiress in the night, by means of a rope-ladder fastened to her chamber-window. They are going on a matrimonial excursion to Scotland, but are detected by the watchman, who, on receiving a purse of guineas, seems much delighted, and says, "Now would you go to bribe an honest watchman, and with such a trifle too?"—Shakspeare makes Wolsey say, "Then I shall feel the blessedness of being little!"

Miss *K.* Pope observes, that though the rich are separated from many of the wants of the poor, they are cut off from many of their comforts too.

Miss *Eve.* It is a common saying, that one half of the world knows not how the other half lives. Supposing ourselves disguised to see genuine nature; in order to be *Hail fellow well met*, as the saying is, we should never seem above our company, nor much below it. The other day, as I was walking along the street—it was either a holiday, or there had been some sight for these people—I passed two parties of the lower class that had just met. One of these parties wanted the other to go and drink, as I suppose, at some alehouse. "Come along, come along," said one with a very insinuating smile, "you see we are all *brother chips* alike." Rich, dressy people often only oppress. Though great apparent respect is paid them, they are only borne with, while equals or inferiors have the heart, and are enjoyed.

Miss *K.* Equality is so requisite to friendship, that it is observed by a high authority, on this account, a king is without a friend. Thus a levelling principle, ordained by nature, goes through the world.

Miss *Eve.* If we aimed at observing genuine nature among the lower orders of the people in our present dress, we should be disappointed. Suppose, for instance, we were to call at a public-house at Billingsgate, the landlady would probably say, "Pray, ladies, please to walk into the parlour"—and thus we should be shut up in some dirty hole; but with loose trowsers and silk handkerchiefs about our necks, we might easily obtain the privilege of a genuine survey. If we could sustain our parts somewhat as Mrs. Jordan could, we might acquire at the fountain-head that theory of of which Reynolds speaks, when he says, "Theory is the knowledge of what is truly nature."

I can now, in imagination, see a group of fishwomen and girls—*fish-fags*, as they are called—in a social gossip, perhaps waiting for the tide to bring up the mackarel, maids, haddock, eels, lobsters, oysters, crabs, shrimps, periwinkles, herrings, or sprats, enjoying their jolly joys, one with her hand in her bosom, with such satisfaction in her countenance, just at the moment of catching a ——.

Miss *K.* Reynolds observes, that there is an elegant way of expressing every thing, and that Virgil, in his *Georgics*, even threw the dung on the land with a grace. Reynolds himself had much of this elegance. When criticising a picture by a celebrated Dutch master, he says, "At a distance, under a hedge, is a shepherd, who seems

to be catching fleas, or something worse." How elegantly this is expressed!

Miss *Eve*. I have heard of an Italian singer in this country, for whom an occasional song was written in English to be sung at a public concert, at which the queen was to be present. This song was learned with great care. One of the lines was—

> And call the queen to chaste delights—

which was unfortunately thus metamorphosed by the foreigner:

> And call de keen to catch de l—e.

I sat near her majesty at the time, and next to one of her maids of honour, Miss Burney (now Mrs. Fanny D'Arblay), the ingenious novelist, the author of *Cecilia*, *Evelina*, and some other first-rate performances of that kind.

Miss *K*. Now you talk of novels, read *Theodore Cyphon, or the Benevolent Jew.*

Miss *Eve*. But I was talking of studying genuine nature at Billingsgate. There, perhaps, I should see one of the females of whom I have been speaking, drinking a glass of gin or Nelson's cordial in style, poking out her lips and shutting her eyes, while the juice was running down, enjoying it; and then, with a twist of her arm, giving the glass or pewter measure to an attendant public-house girl, with such importance and enjoyment. These persons neither know nor care any thing about the rich. Of such I would make sketches from nature, and catch the passing expression.

Miss *K*. A humorous painter might see a great deal in his department in the public-houses about Wapping.

Miss *Eve*. Yes; there, in sailors' dresses, when it gets dark soon, we might be like fish in water. The girls would soon swarm about such a neat, pretty sailor as you would be. I should enjoy their studied, funny ways in observing what they would be at. By my pronunciation I should be taken for a foreign sailor; but we should take care not to let them approach too close, otherwise we might be suspected. I really think, that, somewhat like Mrs. Jordan, I could sustain the character of Macheath at the head of a table. This, I know, would be extremely improper for girls in general; but we are peculiar geniuses, and great eccentricity is invariably attendant on genius, and has ever been allowed and even admired in it. I would sing this song of Gay's:

> If the mind of a man is oppress'd with cares,
> His grief is expell'd when a woman appears;
> Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly
> Rouses our spirits and charms our ears.
>
> Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
> But her ripe lips are more sweet than those;
> Press her, caress her, with blisses her kisses
> Dissolve us in pleasure and soft repose.

This would please, for as Pope observes,

> Men, some to business, some to pleasure take,
> But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake.

This would be to me a perfect Royal Academy. I would observe how the fiddler inclined his head, and swayed his body; whether his elbow was higher or lower than his hand; whether in going backwards and forwards the strokes of his fiddle-stick were long or short, higher or lower, with the motion, the turn of his hand, the play of his fingers, and the whole attitude. I would notice in what manner the

girls dressed, the arrangement of their ribbons and top-knots, the footing of their dances, their whims, their conceits, and their expressions. I would also observe the furniture, and make notes and sketches as soon as convenient, that I might not forget any thing worthy of remark. I would endeavour to improve what I observed by my imagination, and if a thought at any time came into my mind I would secure it by committing it immediately to paper. I would attend to the humours of the Wapping landlady; what methods she took to net the cash; whether she used double chalk, or what were her arts.

Many of the humorous artists would design from the barrenness of the human mind, or miss the beauties that nature so amply furnishes. These are either tame or extravagantly *outré*. In the landlady of whom I was just speaking, they would lose the leer, the wink, the squint, the laugh, the frown, the wagging of her jaws, and a thousand peculiarities in her features, expression, and dress, that might easily be secured by this method of procedure. But an artist should preserve his innocence in these scenes, and not drink what George Morland would call for, but artfully drink capillaire, or rum or grog diluted almost to water, or milk, though not treat his company with such beverage. Shakspeare says of scenes that many account dangerous to female virtue—

Where virtue is these are most virtuous,
Tho' lewdness court it in the shape of heaven.
But vice, tho' to a radiant angel join'd,
Would sate itself on a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

Without the guard of innate virtue, the sequestered bower or the retired parlour, while the fleecy clouds flit across the moon, and the wainscot and the couch are dimly illuminated, and at times darkened—without virtue, I say, these unsuspected retreats are often as fatal to female virtue, as any that Wapping or St. Giles's can furnish.—O my dear Miss K. that every one on whom Providence has showered riches, would disguise himself, to discover secreted misery; be a consoling, an advising friend to retired distress; be seemingly very poor, and as if their companion and servant, with the power and will to raise the sons and daughters of affliction to happiness. To such unostentatious friends of the human race and of all nature the Almighty has adjudged the highest prize of felicity. Such as these I honour and I love; such as these I would always receive with warmth as the friends of my heart—I would by the great ——

[The accusing angel, to use the words of Sterne, immediately flew up to heaven's high chancery with the oath, and blushed when he gave it in; and the recording angel, when he set it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out for ever].

Pardon me, Miss K. the females of my people are too apt to give into this expression.

Miss *K.* Your eyes glisten with tears, tears of joy. The great fiat has adjudged to you these luxurious tears. I perceive that you have been this unknown, unostentatious friend to sequestered misery. The Divinity sees the heart and cannot be deceived. Compose yourself and dry your tears, while I read something on anatomy, which may amuse

you. Here is a paper on the subject, which has lain many years in my aunt's drawers as a wrapper of fans. I do not know who wrote it. Part of it is torn away; for Susan had been for some time curling or rather papering her hair with it before I discovered it.

JUNINUS.

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE MELODRAMA, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES AND ANECDOTES RELATING TO THE COMPOSER BENDA, ITS INVENTOR.

To the Editor,

SOME days ago I had the resolution to risk my life in fighting my way through a brutal pit-door mob, in order to *see* the performance of a horse-drama. I am correct in the expression "to see;" for, had I been deaf, I really believe my gratification would have been infinitely greater, so wretched were both dialogue and music. An elderly gentleman, my right-hand neighbour, seemed to share in the disgust I felt; for now and then I heard him utter a commiserating clack of the tongue against the roof of the mouth, and once or twice his indignation burst forth in a "pshaw!" "stuff!" "nonsense!" and the like unequivocal expressions of condemnation. Coincidence of opinion seemed to invite mutual communication; a conversation ensued, not at all to the advantage of the piece, or of the taste of the times, in the course of which the old gentleman observed, that the introduction of melodramas was one of the causes of the decline of the British stage. His notion of a melodrama, I soon found, was derived from the miserable exhibitions announced under that title in our play-bills; he had, till I explained the real meaning of the term, no idea of the proper melodrama, that beautiful and original species of theatrical production, which owes its being to Benda, one of the greatest composers of the German school, a man whose works are much less known in this country than they deserve to be, and whose genius and skill in dramatic composition were probably equal to that of a Gluck or a Mozart.

As many of your readers, sir, are perhaps equally strangers to the name of Benda, and to his musical works, I presume a few particulars relating to his life and character may not be found destitute of interest, especially as his character, like that of all great men, exhibits some very striking peculiarities.

George Benda, born in 1722, was the third son of a weaver in Bohemia, who, like almost every person of that musical people, played a little on the oboe, and on one or two other instruments. The whole family possessed such extraordinary musical talents, that the great Frederic, who, during one of his campaigns in Bohemia, happened to pass through their village and to witness their untutored performance, took them with him to Berlin, and assigned them competent means of subsistence and proper instruction in practical music. In that excellent school our Benda made such rapid progress, that, although very young, he was engaged for the

king's chapel as a second violin; he was also a good piano-forte-player, and a still better performer on the oboe. But Benda's talents for composition soon eclipsed his fame as an instrumental performer, and, what is extraordinary, the developement of these talents was exclusively his own work. Without having ever received any instruction in the theory of music and composition, his own ear and natural genius alone initiated him in that difficult science, whose laws he followed without being sensible of their existence. This extraordinary fact is attested by one of his friends, who once brought him a printed critique on one of his works. Benda, after having read it with attention, remarked, with his wonted sincerity, that the reviewer had paid him great compliments on his observance of a number of sublime rules in composition, of which he knew so little, that up to that moment he had been unacquainted even with their technical appellations.

Benda's increasing fame procured him a vocation to Saxe-Gotha, where he received the appointment of master of the duke's chapel. There he wrote a number of sacred compositions, masses, cantatas, oratorios, &c. which are still in high estimation with the Germans. His symphonies at that time were as great favourites as those of Haydn and Mozart are at the present day. In a subsequent journey to Italy, which he made entirely at the expence of his sovereign the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, he greatly enlarged his musical knowledge and taste; and it was there that he first contracted that bent for dramatic composition, which, on his return to his native country, he cultivated with the most eminent success. Although at first greatly prejudiced against the simple and, as he then thought, trifling style of the Italian school, his correct taste soon convinced him, not only that the artless melodiousness of the Italian dramatic music seldom failed to speak to the hearts of a mixed and unlearned audience, but also that its effect even upon persons of a refined musical ear, is more certain and stronger than any abstract combination of scientific harmonies.

Thus animated by an enthusiasm for dramatic composition, Benda returned to Gotha, his breast filled with the embers of that genial fire, that Promethean flame, which alike warmed the bosom of an Orpheus, a Phidias, an Apelles, a Raphael, a Homer, a Dante, or a Shakspeare, and without which no votary of any of the Pierian sisters can rise to greatness. Yet this divine spark remained long latent, and would perhaps have died away, had not mere accident been the means of fanning it into a heavenly blaze.

Owing to the destruction by fire of the Weimar theatre, the company of performers came from thence to Gotha, where they met with great success, particularly by the production of Wieland's *Alceste*, composed by Schweizer. This opera roused the dormant genius of Benda; he felt an inward conviction of powers superior to that composition, and an irresistible impulse to display them. The principal actress of that company was a Mad. Brandes; her declamation and action had won the heart and admiration of Benda; for her alone he

longed to employ his musical talents. A most essential obstacle, it is true, seemed to oppose the wish of our composer: Mad. Brandes was a first-rate actress, but sonorously as her voice re-echoed through every corner of the theatre, she was no singer, in fact she could not sing at all. This untoward circumstance originated in Benda the thought, whether it were not possible to employ his favourite heroine in a manner so as to combine her prose with the charms and powers of harmony. He communicated his original idea to some literary and musical friends, who unanimously encouraged him to the attempt, convinced as they felt that the genius of Benda would produce excellence in the untrodden path. The mythic tradition of the adventures of Ariadne with Theseus was chosen for the subject, and purposely dramatised for the occasion. "Ariadne in Naxos" was the first melodrama!

The life of Benda does not inform us whether this melodrama could boast of any real or basket horses, elephants, dogs, or other cattle; and, what is extraordinary, the fine opportunity offered by the mythological fiction of the Cretan princess to introduce a Minotaur, seems to have been miserably neglected. In fact, some of my readers will think that this parent melodrama must have been a whimsical sort of a thing, when I tell them that it was an opera without songs. But to leave their curiosity no longer in suspense, I will briefly state, that all Benda did was to intersperse the speeches, and frequently the sentences of the text, with short musical phrases, expressive, as far as musical painting was able, of the import of the words just spoken.

It is not improbable, that the reader will entertain the same opinion respecting a production of this kind, as was preconceived of it by the generality of cotemporary German critics. As soon as its existence was known, the hue and cry resounded in almost every periodical publication of that country against the new melodrama, as a monstrous offspring of vitiated taste. But this condemnation without a trial lasted only till the score of the composition reached the principal cities of Germany. Wherever *Ariadne in Naxos* was represented, the effect it produced on the audience was like magic. The sublime and original overture, the happy expression of every passion or even emotion of the mind, the melting languor of tenderness, the devotion of love, the vacillation of doubt, anxiety, fear, despair, all seemed as it were faithfully translated into the language of musical sounds; the soul was involuntarily carried away by the novel and irresistible effect of Benda's sublime harmony. The unprecedented success of *Ariadne* encouraged the author to further efforts of the same kind. His next melodrama was "Medea," a composition equally grand and impressive. Our Shakspeare's beautiful tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, and several other subjects, were melodramatised by Benda in succession.

As the principal object I had in view in transmitting this sketch to you, sir, was a wish to rescue the melodrama from undeserved opprobrium, by showing what it originally was and how it first arose; and as a detailed biography of Benda

would afford little amusement to your numerous readers, I shall not pursue the thread of his life through its various and checkered incidents. The death of a beloved wife greatly altered his social disposition and habits. He became pensive and solitary, and retired to a secluded village in Saxony, where he contrived to pass the remainder of his days on a frugal pension, without associating or conversing, except rarely, with any human being. There he was daily seen hastily wandering across fields and woods, always preferring the most unfrequented paths. Twice a week, regularly, he journeyed to a market town, in order to read the newspapers. These and metaphysical speculations were, during many years, his sole amusements. The former interested him the more, as he was a great advocate of the French revolution; and his philosophical meditations on the Deity, the world, and the nature and future destiny of man, as displayed in a series of printed letters to some of his intimate friends, although not of an orthodox or novel cast, shew sufficiently the depth of his understanding and the benevolence of his heart. In 1791 he wrote his last musical composition, a cantata entitled "Benda's Sorrows;" and in 1795 he died, at the advanced age of 73.

Not to interrupt the thread of this cursory narrative, I refrained from adverting to a peculiar feature in Benda's character—his unparalleled absence of mind, a failing naturally attendant on many a great genius, whose entire absorption in profound intellectual labour frequently tends to abstract them from the habits and functions of social life. As it may afford some interest to see how far these temporary aberrations of the mind can extend, I shall subjoin a few anecdotes illustrative of our composer's foible in that respect. Their authenticity, I think, may be depended upon, since I have not only found them on record in Benda's life in Schlichtegroll's *German Necrology*, but confirmed in the Leipzig *Musical Gazette*, with slight alterations.

The Duchess of Saxe-Gotha having received a new piano-forte from England, Benda was sent for to try its tone in her presence; after a few passages, he involved himself in such a maze of modulations and voluntaries, that her grace lost all patience, left him to his harmonic speculations, and withdrew to her adjoining cabinet. When the playing had ceased she returned to the music-room, but found Benda gone. His hat and stick, however, which remained on the table, convinced the duchess that he could not be far off. In fact, on looking into the adjoining apartment, she beheld the author of *Ariadne* with his ear against the wall, "to hear," as he informed her, "how the instrument sounded at a distance." Although nobody was then playing upon it, the writer of this has no doubt but the mind's ear of Benda heard a continuation of the former sounds.

The latter supposition is strengthened by the following fact. In the middle of the room, which served as our author's study, stood a very small and old-fashioned harpsichord, with a great arm-chair before it. To the former he would frequently resort to try the effect of

this or that harmonic combination. One day, absorbed in profound musical meditation, he rises from his desk for the same purpose, but instead of filing off by the right he goes round by the left, sits down upon the key-board of the harpsichord, fingers the doubtful passage on the back of the arm-chair, and satisfied with its correctness and effect returns to the bureau to continue his score. His wife, who all the while had been sitting at work near the window, was no longer able to refrain from laughing; but all she could say proved incapable of convincing the absent husband of his mistake, till she supported her assertion by the devastated state of the keyboard.

The peculiar metre of a song in an opera which he was composing caused him great trouble and many unsatisfactory attempts. One evening, however, an idea how to overcome the difficulty rushed upon him, as by inspiration, during a walk. He instantly returned home, took the pen, and by three o'clock in the morning, to his unspeakable delight, accomplished what he had in vain sought for during many days. But what is joy without the means of imparting our inward delight to others? Accordingly, no sooner had Benda satisfied himself of the excellence of his labour by a hasty trial on the little harpsichord, than, strong and tall as he was, he takes the instrument under his arm, sallies forth to his bosom friend, the poet Gotter, knocks him out of bed, and plays with the enthusiasm of an artist his song to the yawning poet, who all the time attended in his shirt and nightcap to this ecstatic performance of the eccentric author.

On a trip to Gotha, in company with his wife, to visit an old friend, he had to change horses at Erfurth, during which interval each agreed to give a call to some acquaintances in that town. Unfortunately, the husband's visits were sooner got through than his wife's. Returning, therefore, to the post-house, and finding the chaise ready to start, he jumped in, drove off, and actually arrived at Gotha without his better half, who had staid behind in hopes her good spouse would in the course of his solitary journey become aware of his mistake, and come back for her. Not so! It was only on his arrival at Gotha, when asked by his friend how Mrs. Benda was, that he recollected having left her in the lurch, and instantly took another post-chaise to make amends for his blunder.

While single he had for a length of time inhabited a set of apartments, which he left at last on account of want of room. One evening, in going home, he is so much absorbed in meditation, that he forgets his change of quarters, proceeds to his former lodging, finds it open by chance, undresses, goes to bed, and is on the point of falling asleep, when his successor, the new tenant, enters. Not a little provoked at being thus disturbed in his rest, Benda makes use of offensive language, high words are exchanged on both sides, the landlord intervenes, recognizes his former inmate, succeeds in convincing him of his mistake, and Benda is obliged to quit his warm bed, dress himself again, and seek his own quarters.

Invited to dine at a friend's, he arrives considerably before the ap-

pointed time, to the great annoyance of the master of the house, who had not completed the necessary preparations of selecting wine, decanting, &c. As soon, therefore, as a second guest had joined, the master apologizes, and retires. With the gentleman just arrived Benda enters into conversation on his favourite subject, politics; and in walking up and down the dining-room, Benda helps himself to one French roll after another (of which one had been laid for every cover), and eats them with great avidity. When the company had seated themselves, the master calls, "Bread." The astonished servant protests he had laid as many rolls on the table as there were guests. This roused the attention of Benda, who, with a faint recollection of what had happened, observed, "I dare say the fault is mine, for I am not sure, whether, previously to sitting down, I might not have inadvertently taken a bite or two of your man's rolls."

To conclude, I shall only mention one more instance of our great composer's temporary privation of reminiscence. It has already been stated, that he was greatly attached to his wife, and that she died before him. The first day or two her loss rendered him almost inconsolable, and would have affected him still more had not the absolute necessity of finishing a composition in hand in a few days forcibly diverted his gloomy reflections in some measure. On the morning of his wife's burial, while deeply engaged with his musical labour, the servant-maid came to ask him for money to buy wine and cakes (for the attendants on the funeral).—"You know," replied Benda angrily, "that I do not meddle with things of that kind; go to my wife, and let her give you what money you want!"

I am, Sir, &c.

EUMELISTES.

LONDON, April 18, 1812.

OLD GREGORY.

From the unpublished MS. of TRICK AND TRIFLE; or, THE MAN OF SENTIMENT:

A TALE, BY GEORGE FITZ-GEORGE.

OLD GREGORY was the most uncommon piece of antiquity that I ever remember to have met with. He had lived threescore and three years in the family of the Wester-villes, and now officiated in the double capacity of butler and house-steward.

Possessing a mind naturally elevated above the dependencies of servitude, fortune had compelled him to submit to the duties of his situation. He used to say, they had played a long game at cross-purposes, but he still hoped to come off victorious. There was a something about him peculiarly prepossessing. A warmth of heart and energy of feeling would oftentimes break through a native roughness, that seemed more to ask, than absolutely to need, the occasional operations of the file.

Every man's fancy is wedded to some particular idea. Whatever this may be, he always feels a pleasure in bestriding his favourite hobby—and many a lecture has

poor Old Gregory delivered from Tristram's dissertation on the subject, illustrating, with singular propriety, the truth of that observation of Shakspeare, that he would rather teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of those twenty to better by his own instructions. Gregory, poor man! had his failing, and it was curious to observe how naturally his discourse would slide into the very habit he laboured to condemn. His hobby was the MATHEMATICS, a tit he was ever leading i' th' mount. There was another science in which he wonderfully excelled, to wit, an astonishing sagacity in discovering the dark and hidden truths of a rebus, a charade, or an enigma. Indeed, the Diaries, and Sterne's whimsical Memoirs of Shandy, were the only volumes which he now condescended to look into.

Though rarely inebriated, yet a cheerful glass he always enjoyed; he used to say it added to the sublimity of his genius: however this may be, it certainly never failed wonderfully to exhilarate his spirits, and tended as materially to heighten the complexion of his sensibility.

But let me just sketch the old fellow. Methinks I see him with his scarlet plush vest, and blue velvet frock, for he had not altered the cut of his coat for five and forty years, with a foaming tankard before him, rising from his seat in a stiff erect form, nearly as perpendicular as the line of a mason's plummet (for he always preserved his height, even to a hair's breadth), arguing with the schoolmaster of the parish on the beauty of a new problem, or the merit of a prize enigma, and maintaining the truth of his position with as much of action and of eloquence as would become the best rhetorician in the universe. Nature had been more liberal to Gregory than to the general race of mathematicians, in bestowing upon him a heart of larger size; and his opponent knew, that, simply by force of argument, he never could gain a victory. When, therefore, he found himself a little pressed, he would always take that advantage which the physical superiority of his constitution never failed to afford; and when Sir John Barleycorn had pretty well mellowed the head or softened the heart of Old Gregory, the pedagogue's last resource—for the credit of his character usually depended upon the issue of these petty contests—was to glance at something respecting the nature of Gregory's first attachment, or an allusion to Sterne's pathetic story of Le Fevre. This always touched the old fellow's feelings, and he would sob, and sigh, and whine, as he commented on the beautiful idea of the recording angel's cancelling the oath, as though his breast had been as full as the Corporal's, or his sensibility as active as that of my Uncle Toby.

Charles Westerville, who well knew the bent of Gregory's genius, would frequently affect a more than ordinary interest in the success of his speculations; and it is very probable that the old man's partiality originated in this circumstance, for it is always by a sort of fellow feeling that we become endeared to each other.

Gregory had been poring over the mystic pages of a new Miscellany, and having succeeded in discovering the prize, had run with a meaning

aspect of intelligence to communicate the secret to Westerville. Charles himself was just then a little in the clouds, for he was puzzling over the various beauties of a more pleasing enigma, viz. a portrait of Louisa Manfield. "It is, sir," interposed Gregory, "a portrait!—" "Yes, Gregory, it is, indeed, a portrait!" Gregory looked at the painting, and the features struck him; and, as the impression of a stronger idea necessarily supersedes that of a weaker, Gregory at once forgot both the enigma and its solution. The remembrance had carried him five and forty years back, and he continued to gaze on the miniature with the feelings of a man forty and five years younger. Louisa Manfield was the very image of her mother, and Gregory recollected the well-known original. The tear stood in his eye; the word faultered on his tongue; he looked at Westerville, and Westerville in turn looked at Gregory. "Poor, poor thing," said Gregory, "she fell a martyr to affection! The sun ne'er beamed on a kinder heart, but it was not made for this world: she it was who so long preserved the widowed life of her that was first dear to me, but fortune smiled not on our courtship, and Phœbe was doomed to be the wife of another."—Gregory hastily brushed away the tear, and proceeded:—"They took a little farm in the neighbourhood, but it was ill managed, their cattle died, and the landlord's distraint soon reduced them to poverty and ruin. Bad habits but too frequently accompany misfortune. In a fit of drunken desperation the husband of Phœbe was induced to enter the army, thus trusting to the precarious contingency of a soldier for the support of himself and his family. His regiment was soon ordered abroad, and he fell nobly in defending the honour of his country. His wife and three helpless children were thus left to the rude protection of the world, and but for the timely interference of that angel to whom the painter has done so much justice, the whole family of the Hawthornes"—and he dropped his hand leisurely upon his thigh—"would have early found a grave. Phœbe, however, had felt a pang which the gentle hand of philanthropy could not alleviate, and the lily drooped, withered, and died. Her remains were interred in the corner of the village church-yard, and no memorial marks the spot."

"But a stone shall render more sacred the relics," interrupted Westerville.

"I happened to pass through the village a few months after," continued Gregory, "and stopping to make enquiry, I learned the melancholy catastrophe. A rosy little fellow, all that was now left, directed me to the grave of his *mammy*. I held him by the left hand, and looking me full in the face, he pointed with his right to the place of interment. I had a few roots of the sweet-scented violet in my pocket, some of which I carefully covered with a little fresh mould that lay on the south side of the grave, and giving my guide a trifle, he engaged at least once a day to water the plants. It should be, he said, his little garden, and not a weed should rankle there. His *mammy* was fond of flowers, and Joey too, and Jane liked flowers, but they are gone to *mammy*.

'Still," said he, 'Old Margery is very kind to me, but I shall never more see my *mammy*"—and he burst into tears."

"Darling fellow!" exclaimed Westerville.

The heart of Old Gregory swelled, and he turned to hide his feelings.

"But now," and the rising sob nearly choaked his utterance, "there is no child to water the flowers, and every root has perished."

Plate 1.—VIEW OF MAIDSTONE.

It is not possible, within the limited scale of this work, to enter into such minute details of the subjets of our embellishments as they may sometimes appear to require; but we have endeavoured to render them generally interesting by the selection of those particulars that seem most worthy of notice. Such is the mode of proceeding which we are obliged to adopt, also, on the present occasion.

Maidstone, the county town of Kent, of which a picturesque view of part of the bridge and High-street is annexed, is for the most part situated on the east bank of the Medway, and presents a beautiful appearance, the houses rising gradually from the river-side to the top of the ascent towards the north, which may be termed the upper part of the town, and which is considerably above the valley. The situation of the town being favourable for navigation and trade, and nearly in the center of the county, contributes very much to the prosperity of its inhabitants; but this is more particularly derived from the cultivation of hops, the staple commodity of the county at large.

The vicinity of Maidstone abounds with views of hop-grounds, which have a very singular appearance, and are frequently alluded to by writers of fancy and lovers of the picturesque. Phillips, in his poem on *Cyder*, has these lines:

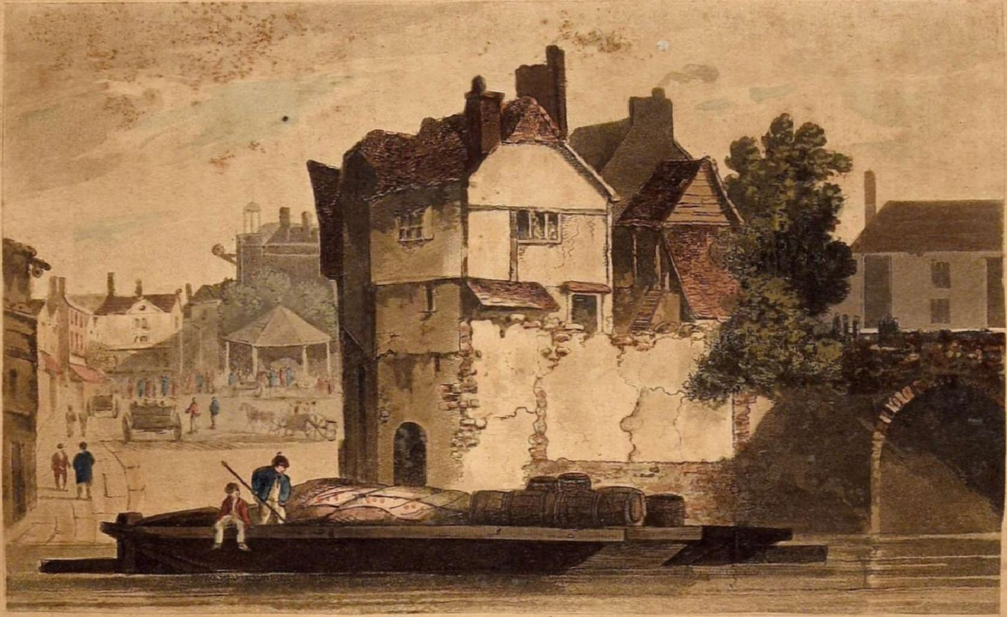
> Lo! on auxiliary poles, the hops
> Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet array!
> Transporting prospect! These, as modern use
> Ordains, inspir'd, an auburn drink compose,
> Wholesome, of deathless fame.

The late Mr. Ireland, in his *Views on the Medway*, has favoured us with one on hop-gathering, which gives a good idea of the happy scene that presents itself at the hour of noon on this occasion—representing the cheerful countenance of the hop-gatherer just quitting his labour, the young ones dancing round the loaded poles, and the more aged spreading their humble repast, while each in his turn

> Crowns high the goblet, and with cheerful draught
> Enjoys the present hour, adjourns the future thought.

The town of Maidstone consists of four principal streets intersecting each other, with smaller ones branching off at right angles. In that called the High-street, which is the most spacious and handsome, stands the Shire-hall, where the assizes are held, and other public business is transacted. On the west side of it is also a small, but neat theatre.

Considerable remains of a palace, supposed to have been built about 1348 for the archbishops of Canter-



F. W. L. Stockdale fecit.

MAIDSTONE, KENT.

bury, on the site of an old mansion which had been given to those prelates so early as the reign of King John, are still standing, and form a good residence. It is situated near the river, on the same eminence with the church and college.

The Church is a large and handsome structure. The chancel, and some suppose the whole fabric, was rebuilt in 1395 by Archbishop Courteney, who was himself buried in it, as his skeleton was discovered in 1794, about the center of the chancel, in a grave five or six feet deep, and on whose tomb was a long Latin inscription, which is preserved in Weever's *Funeral Monuments*. This discovery was of some importance, as a doubt long existed, and indeed much discussion had taken place among antiquarians on the subject. The sepulchral inscriptions are numerous; the oldest of them may also be found in Weever.

The College was also erected by Courteney anno 1395, and was a large building, the greater part of which is yet standing, and has been for a considerable time occupied as a private dwelling. It was originally founded to afford an asylum for a master, a keeper, and other inmates or fellows. The most learned of the masters was the celebrated William Grocyn, born at Bristol, 1442. He understood the learned languages well, and was professor of Greek at Oxford, where he is said to have taught Erasmus. Grocyn died in 1522, and lies buried in Maidstone. The college was suppressed in the reign of Edward VI. when its annual revenue was estimated at £159 7 10.

There are in this town two or three other old buildings, which were formerly religious institutions.

At the end of Earl-street, near the river, is the Free Grammar-school, a foundation in considerable repute, and at which many eminent literary characters have received their early education. The school-room and other buildings, forming three sides of a quadrangle, were originally the chapel and habitation of the fraternity of Corpus Christi, founded by some inhabitants of Maidstone, and professing the rule of St. Benedict. When this fraternity was suppressed in the first year of Edward VI. its annual revenues were estimated at £40, and the buildings were purchased by the corporation, who established the free grammar-school, for the government of which several excellent statutes were made under the charter granted to the town by Queen Elizabeth. The buildings were repaired and improved a few years since by the late Rev. Thomas Cherry, who was then master.

Here are also two charity schools and two ranges of almshouses, each for six persons of both sexes. The poor-house, a brick building, near the church, was built about 1720, by Thomas Bliss, Esq. a native of Maidstone, and one of its representatives in several parliaments.

The bridge of seven arches over the Medway is long and narrow, but picturesque in appearance. It is very ancient, and is supposed to have owed its foundation, or at least its most considerable repairs and improvements, to the munificence of the archbishops of Canterbury. The sudden thaw and consequent overflowing of the Medway in January 1795, through the

melting of the preceding snow, had destroyed several bridges higher up the river, and threatened destruction to that of Maidstone. At length, the current rising higher than the walls of the latter, the ice, which floated on its surface, passed on. Fortunately the frost of the ensuing night arrested the water on its way, and a gradual thaw removed it without farther mischief. The inhabitants of the houses near the river were compelled to use boats in the street, and resort to their upper rooms, the lower being several feet deep in water. The fields exhibited a very extraordinary appearance, from the vast sheets of ice which lay upon them, and had bent and kept down trees of considerable thickness. It could be compared to nothing but the breaking up of the great frosts in North America.

The gaol, a spacious stone building in East-lane, was erected since 1741, in the place of a more ancient prison, which stood in the very center of the town. It has since been much enlarged and strengthened, and excellent regulations have been made for its government.

At the upper end of the High-street is the Conduit, which forms the principal reservoir for the supply of the inhabitants with water, and was built in 1624. Another conduit stood in the middle of the High-street, and was pulled down about 1793; it formed an octagonal tower of stone, embattled and crowned with a cupola and dial. A new octagonal stuccoed building in the lower part of the town was intended for a third reservoir, but failing in its intention, was used as a butter-market. The water is of excellent quality, and is conveyed, by pipes laid under the Medway, from an inclosed spring called Rocky Hill, in the West Borough. The corn-market is supported on pillars, and surmounted by a gilt wheatsheaf.

During the last two centuries the population of this town has been progressively increasing, and in 1801 amounted to upwards of 8000 persons. It has been recently augmented by the erection of extensive barracks for infantry and cavalry at a short distance from the place, on the road to Rochester. The buildings are of wood, and form a hollow square, with a riding-school towards the river.

In concluding this article we cannot omit noticing, that in this town, in August 1735, was born William Woollett, the admirable engraver, of whom no sufficient memoir has yet been published, notwithstanding his inimitable pre-eminence in line-engraving. Of his several performances, his *Niobe*, *Death of Wolfe*, and *The Fishery*, are considered his best productions, the value of which can only be appreciated by their very enhanced price. He was most indefatigable in his profession, and displayed on all occasions a vigour of taste, a depth of judgment, and a power of handling, superior to any cotemporary engraver of the English school. Sorry we are to lament the premature death of so great a man in his profession. Having met with an injury in crossing a stile, and his delicacy preventing him from obtaining timely assistance, he died in great agony on the 23d of May, 1795, in his fiftieth year, and was buried in St. Pancras church. A suitable monument, by the classic

chisel of Banks, has been erected to his memory in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey; and his portrait has been well engraved by Sherwin, another distinguished artist in historic engraving.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XVI.

The godlike faculty of doing good.——POPE.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I AM a constant reader of your papers, and I cannot give you a more sincere proof of my approbation of them, than the trouble I am now about to give you, in addressing myself to your experience, and requesting your good counsel in a matter of no small consequence to me, in the future regulation and conduct of what I hope is, and will continue, while I live, to be the governing principle of my actions. At the same time, from some cause or other which I cannot discover, and know not how to reconcile to the purity of my intentions, I am continually involved in difficulties which distress me, and find myself in predicaments, which too often make me the subject of ridicule, and of that commiseration which sometimes is more mortifying than even the severity of censure.

I am a man of independent fortune, a weakly constitution, and what is generally considered in the world as a sentimental character. I am not fond of the amusements of fashionable life, nor what are called rural recreations; splendid parties in town, or the dog-kennel in the country, are equally remote from my habits and inclinations. A love of literature and the arts forms my amusements; a sense of decorum, blended with what I shall call a moral taste, determines my choice of society; and the chastened influence of religion forms, as I hope and believe, the principle of my conduct in fulfilling the leading duties of life.

All this, you will probably say, Mr. Spectator, is as it ought to be; and as far as good intentions go, I shall not dissent from such an opinion: but whether it arises from an over anxiety to do good, or an eccentric disposition, or the sudden impulse of unreflecting humanity, I cannot tell; I am continually thwarted in my wishes to good; my kind actions are continually perverted, and sometimes my charitable intentions, instead of producing advantage to others, and procuring gratification for myself, increase the evil in the one, and disappoint the most benevolent hopes in the other.

In the exercise of charity, which I intended should be the principal object, as I trusted it would prove the certain happiness of my life, I thought it would be the best and most assured way to success, to form a regular system, on which my career of benevolence should be conducted, so as to secure a certain advantage to those who might be the objects of my bounty. To public institutions, therefore, I became a general as well as annual subscriber; but my attention was more particularly directed to those whose imme-

diate and pressing wants solicited instant relief; and I made it a rule, never to take my morning's walk without furnishing myself with the means of giving eleemosynary aid to all who solicited it of me, according to their apparent wants. My observation, however, had furnished me with an opinion, that the distribution of money did not always answer the good purpose which I intended, and that it led oftener to the gin-shop, than to the butcher and the baker. I, therefore, proceeded upon a new plan. To such as seemed to invite a more enlarged assistance, I gave my cards, desiring them to call at my house at a certain hour, when, if they made out their story to my satisfaction, they should have effectual relief; while for such as made the humble and piteous complaint of having neither food to eat, nor the prospect of obtaining any, I had contrived a different mode of benevolence. I ordered my housekeeper to wrap up daily in paper as many *sandwiches* as my pockets would hold, in which also two-pence halfpenny was placed; so that they might each of them contain a small nutritious meal and a pint of porter; and these I proposed to distribute as opportunity would offer in my morning perambulation.

Neither of these plans succeeded. But one of the former class of mendicants received my invitation, and she being dismissed on being unable to give any proof of her distressing history, contrived, in her passage out of the house, to possess herself of the porter's watch which accidentally hung at the back of his sleeping chair in the hall.

The other of my charitable schemes lasted but one day. Not one of the hungry, starving applicants appeared to be satisfied with my pacquets of refeshment; while one of them, a ragged, squalid petitioner, who declared he had not tasted food for I know not how many hours, when, on examining the paper, he found some halfpence inclosed in it, coolly pocketed the coin, gave the meat to a passing chimney-sweeper, and walked nimbly away, without leaving one grateful acknowledgment behind him. Another, of the same figure and pretensions, on opening my present to him, with an associated oath, threw it in my face; but this was not all, the pepper and salt with which the meat was seasoned got into my eyes, and blinded and tortured me for ten minutes, while the contortions the pain threw me into, drew a mob about me; and when I was sufficiently recovered to walk away, I found that my pockets were emptied, my watch gone, and my walking-stick disposed of. But this was not all. I incautiously told the story, which became a quiz among my more lively acquaintance; and it now appears that no one ever offers me a sandwich but with a lurking smile. I could give you many more historiettes of this kind, but these will be sufficient to acquaint you with the symptoms of my disorder, and enable you to prescribe for me.

But it is not only amongst those who look for no other good but the alms bestowed on them; the desire of doing good has led me into scrapes with persons who ought to have known the value of kindness however demonstrated, and were qualified to form a just estimate of

benevolent motives, by whatever error they might have been suggested. A circumstance happened to me but last week, which threatened the most unpleasant consequences; and has almost determined me to use as much precaution in doing a kind action, as is necessary in guarding against the effects of a malicious one.

To proceed, therefore. I was a few mornings since strolling by the side of the water in a retired part of Kensington Gardens, when I perceived a very well dressed man issue from the wood, and walk with a measured step and a forlorn air towards the bank; he then retired in an agitated manner beneath the trees, striking his forehead, and with all the apparent agitations of despair. After resting some time against the trunk of an elm, he lifted up his hands towards the sky, and appeared to address it with uncommon fervour and earnestness. But though I could hear the sounds he uttered, which at times he loudly vociferated, I could not distinguish any other words but the exclamation of "O heavens!" and "The veriest wretch in nature!" Again he moved on in silence, and, as it appeared, in deep sorrow, towards the water, and again hurried back to the wood, continually looking back as if he were pursued by some shape that filled him with terror. Thus he continued for a considerable time, displaying all the various appearances of a mind under extreme agitation; so that I had no doubt of his mind being troubled, and that he meditated self-destruction. In short, I expected every moment to see him throw himself into the water; and I was fully prepared, as I was determined, to plunge after him, and prevent his fulfilling his fatal purpose.

After some time, however, he walked quietly along towards the gate of the gardens, muttering, and occasionally throwing his hands about, as he proceeded. At all events, I thought it right to watch his actions, and, at a certain distance, continued to follow him. On entering the Park he turned to the Serpentine River, and walked slowly along its banks, sometimes stopping, as it appeared, to examine the water, and at other times ejaculating something that seemed deeply to affect him. Thus I continued to watch him, nor saw any other peculiarity in him till he came to the bridge, when he seated himself on the parapet, and, taking a paper out of his pocket, he read it with evident emotion. He next collected some stones from the road, which he threw, one by one, into the water, and then proceeded with a quick step to the Park-gate. He ran across Piccadilly, and went on talking to himself, but with a slow and measured step, frequently taking a paper from his pocket to peruse it; and once he stretched his hand, with the paper in it, towards the sky, as if he were accusing Heaven of injustice. At length he reached the reservoir at the top of the Green Park, and as he stood beside it, I took the opportunity to pass him and examine his countenance; but as I did not succeed to my satisfaction, I turned back again to take another view of him, when he gave me an opportunity of gratifying my curiosity, but in a very different way from what I either wished or expected; for he approached me

with no small portion of resentment in his countenance. He said, that it appeared as if I had been watching and following him, for what purpose he could not conceive. If I had any business with him, he was there to answer me; but, if I had not, he begged I would take my way, and let him take his, or expect the consequences. It was not, he added, the action of a gentleman; and if I continued to follow him, he would certainly treat me as a person who had no claim to that character. My reply, with all my benevolence, was not in the language of conciliation; and I really believe from words we should have gone to blows, for his expressions were such as to justify them, and my cane would certainly have been laid across his shoulders, if a couple of gentlemen had not interfered. To them I explained the nature of my conduct; and that it arose from my anxious desire to prevent a fellow-creature from pursuing the act of self-destruction, and with a full determination to exert myself, in any way in my power, to make life worth his keeping. He explained on his part, and the whole business terminated in frequent peals of laughter, which I felt to be rather at my expence.

In short, it turned out that this person, who called forth so large a portion of my anxious humanity, was an actor of some merit at one of the theatres; and that it was his frequent practice, when he had a *new part* assigned him, to seek some retired spot suited to the scenery of the play, and there rehearse it. Kensington Gardens had suited his purpose on the present occasion, and he had gone there at an early hour, before the company usually appeared, to perfect himself in a new character which he was to represent in a new play.

Thus it was that I was deceived into the belief that this theatrical gentleman was either not in his right senses, or that, from some intolerable pressure of distress, he meditated an act of suicide.

How am I then, Mr. Spectator, to regulate the conduct of my benevolence in a way to do real good, without subjecting myself to injury or ridicule? and what means would you recommend me to employ to discover and ascertain meritorious objects for my charitable disposition to act upon, without ostentation on my part, or a failure of my benevolent purposes on theirs? In complying with this request, you will inexpressibly oblige your constant reader and sincere admirer,

HUMANUS.

I shall answer this interrogatory in a very few words.

That charity is the best of which the consequences are the most extensive; but to do the best can seldom be the lot of man: it is sufficient, if, when opportunities are presented, he is ready to do good. How little could be practised, if beneficence were to wait always for the most proper objects, and the noblest occasions — occasions that may never happen, and objects that may never be found! But I should recommend with particular earnestness to *Humanus*, who appears to have wealth at his command, and ample leisure to dispose of it, to make those persons the peculiar objects of his research who have such an emphatic sanction of the Gospel in their favour — "*They who are unable to dig, and to beg are ashamed.*"

EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

To Dr. ——

Sir,

I am grievously afflicted with that kind of disease which manifests itself in a vehement love of contradiction. Though I would die before I would admit this, were you to tell me so, yet I frankly acknowledge my infirmity, to give you an opportunity of prescribing for my case, if it be within the reach of your art. Indeed, I never could bear to allow that any body was right; and I should like much to see the man who could convince me that twice two is four. In my youth I accustomed myself to this practice of contradiction, to shew my proficiency in every branch of human knowledge; but it has since grown by degrees into an invincible habit, which may justly be looked upon as a real disease of the mind. The mere sight of a man who looks as though he were convinced of any one thing in the world, puts me in a passion, and it is not without doing myself the greatest violence that I can forbear addressing him, even in the public street, to make him ashamed of his errors. You must have heard of Angelo Angelotte, who posted himself in the most frequented part of the city, and requested passengers to propose a subject, on which, however difficult, he would immediately deliver a long harangue. What he was in eloquence, I am in disputation. I used to be very fond of taking a walk in the Parks, but I was obliged to give it up, because I could never indulge myself in this innocent recreation without meeting with some cause or other of offence. Among the numbers that I there saw, I observed scarcely a face but what was as placid and composed, as if their souls were engaged only with positive truths, and yet it is absolutely impossible that they should not be wrong in some point or other. I was once walking along the Mall, behind two persons, one of whom had a great deal to say, while the other invariably replied, "Yes, yes, you are very right." I was ready to burst with indignation at this silly answer. I coughed aloud whenever he signified his approbation, on purpose to interrupt him. He looked round at me, and, as he turned his head, "Yes, yes," said he, "there you are perfectly right." "No," cried I, unable to contain my vexation, "you are mistaken, I am not right." After a short pause of surprise, he rejoined, "I beg your pardon, sir, I was not speaking to you, but to this gentleman," pointing at the same time to his companion. "Very well," I replied, "and he is not right either." They both looked stedfastly at me for a moment, then smiled at one another, and walked on with the utmost composure. I could plainly perceive that they took me for an idiot, but for the very reason because they believed so, I am, to this hour, of a contrary opinion. No, sir, I am neither mad, nor an idiot; but I labour under a serious complaint, and to avoid so many disagreeable circumstances, I would fain be capable of admitting that people may be right. With my spirit of con-

tradiction, I have made myself so many enemies, that I am not asked to the houses of any of my former acquaintance, except by such as wish to amuse themselves at my expence; and therefore invite another person who is almost as fond of disputation as I am myself. Here we are pitted the one against the other, and wrangle till our host is heartily tired of our company, and dismisses us again. All this you may easily imagine cannot pass off without involving me in many an unpleasant affair; and as the effects seem to become daily more and more injurious, I have to request you, for mercy's sake, to prescribe some remedy from one of the three kingdoms of nature, which may either make me hold my tongue, or at least cause me to believe that I am now and then in the wrong. But let it be a powerful one, for my constitution is naturally very strong. In anxious expectation of hearing from you, I am, &c.

ERGO, *Professor*, *&c. &c.*

REPLY OF DR. ——

Mr. *Professor*,

God be praised, there is yet a cure for your complaint. I know of a powerful remedy, more powerful than any from the three kingdoms of nature, which has already reduced many a philosopher to silence. Take——a wife, and my life for it you will find no occasion to repeat the dose. Your's, &c.

FRAGMENTS, ANECDOTES, &c.

QUANZ.

QUANZ, the celebrated flutist, and instructor of the great Frederic of Prussia, had an intimate acquaintance named Schindler. After the death of the latter he continued upon the same friendly terms as before with his widow. One day when he called to see her, she complained of a violent head-ach and pain in her side. She was obliged to go to bed, and growing worse and worse, a physician and confessor were sent for. The former declared the symptoms to be of the most alarming nature, and the latter proposed to administer extreme unction; while Quanz, oppressed with grief, was seated beside the bed of the patient. In a low voice, rendered almost inarticulate by frequent sighs, she told him, that she should die happy, if she could go to the grave as the wife of so worthy a man. Quanz, in order to gratify her, agreed to every thing she proposed, and they were immediately united by the priest. Scarcely was the nuptial ceremony concluded, when the lady sprang laughing from her bed, and Quanz stood open-mouthed and confounded to find himself an involuntary Benedict.

RAMEAU.

Rameau and M. de Boisgelou the elder were one summer evening taking a walk in the fields, and came to a morass where hundreds of frogs were setting up a hideous croaking. Rameau could not endure it, and would have run away, but Boisgelou holding him fast for a moment, said, "These notes of the frogs, my friend, are quite as natural as your system of thorough-bass."

PORPORA.

Porpora, the musician, was a man of considerable wit and very

clever at repartee. Being one day at an abbey in Germany, the monks requested his attendance at their service, that he might hear their organist, whose abilities they extolled to the skies. When the service was over, the prior went up to him, "Well, sir," said he exultingly, "what think you of our organist?"—"I should like him better," replied Porpora, "if....."—"Oh! he is a very skilful man," rejoined the prior, "and likewise a good man, a man full of charity and truly evangelical simplicity."—"As for his simplicity," answered Porpora, "I could not help observing it, for his left hand knows not what his right hand doth."

ALBERT BISHOP OF RATISBON.

Cartaud de la Villatte speaking of the reveries of Albert the Great, Bishop of Ratisbon, and Cardinal Dailly, says, "They allotted the planets to different religions. The sun fell to the share of Christianity: for this reason it is that we hold Sunday in such veneration; that Rome is the *solar city*, the sacred city; and that the cardinals, who reside there, wear red habits, which is the colour of the sun."

LADY JANE GREY.

M. Morgenstern, professor of the university of Dorpat, in Russia, has recently, in a tour to Italy, discovered three unpublished letters of Lady Jane Grey in the library at Zurich. They are addressed to the celebrated divine, Henry Bullinger, dean of the church of Zurich, on occasion of his work entitled *De Perfectione Christianorum*. These letters are decribed as replete with sentiment and exalted piety. Their style is truly classical. The second is dated 1552, and was consequently written the year before that in which this unfortunate female was brought to the block.

EXTRAORDINARY EATER.

In the course of the last century there was in Saxony a man, who, for money, made a profession of eating every thing that fell in his way. A sheep, a calf, or a hog was not sufficient for a breakfast; he devoured besides two bushels of cherries with the stones. He would grind with his teeth beef bones, glass, and even flints; and eat living animals, such as rats, cats, mice, caterpillars, crows, &c. One day a writing-desk, lined with iron plates, was given to him: he at length tore it in pieces with his teeth and swallowed the whole, together with the copper inkstand, the ink, penknife, sand, and all its contents. Seven credible witnesses attested the fact before the senate of Wirtemberg. This tremendous eater enjoyed robust health to the age of 60 years. His history, and the account of the dissection of his body, furnished the subject of a treatise, published at Wirtemberg, with this title—*De Poliphago et Triophago Wirtembergensi*.

ST. CATHARINE.

The Spaniards are thoroughly convinced, that St. Catharine received the degree of doctor at the university of Alcala; and a few years since, if any one had been bold enough to doubt the circumstance, he would have been roughly handled by the Inquisition. This celebrated promotion has even been made the subject of a play. The first act is occupied by the funeral of a professor of theology. In the second Jesus Christ exhorts

St. Catharine to apply for the vacant situation. He puts a divine cap on her head, and immediately she feels herself equipped with all kinds of scholastic subtilties and all the qualities requisite for disputation. She boldly appears in the midst of the learned veterans, ascends the pulpit, resigns herself to the influence of her cap, and comes off victorious in every disputation. At length an aged doctor, pale and bowed down with the weight of years, makes his appearance; a prodigious pair of spectacles bestrides his prodigious nose. With the train of his long gown he sweeps the ground, but his train is not long enough to conceal a knotty tail, which betrays the stranger; 'tis the Devil himself. The whole reverend assembly is fixed in mute astonishment; every one is anxious to observe how St. Catherine, or rather her cap, will sustain the arduous conflict. The Devil, one of the most subtle philosophers of his age, begins with denying the immortality of the soul. Catharine suffers him to proceed for some time; at length she rises with triumphant air, and submits to Satan the following conclusion: — "Orpheus fetched his wife out of hell, *ergo* her soul was immortal." And behold the Devil is struck dumb and vanishes with a horrid stench: the whole assembly bursts forth into loud applauses; Catharine is formally created a doctor, and the piece concludes with a ballet, in which the professors of theology join in a merry dance.

WOLFISH JUSTICE.

An abbey situated among the mountains of Auvergne, was, in a manner, besieged by wolves, when the ground was covered with snow. One winter the number of these ferocious animals increased to such a degree, that the prior sent to request some hunters in the neighbourhood to unite together for the purpose of ridding the district of these troublesome visitors. Ten or twelve resolute fellows repaired to the abbey, but agreed that the great depth of the snow would not permit them to give chase to the enemy. The very evening of their arrival, the most terrible howlings announced the approach of the wolves; they were in greater force than usual, and they were, in fact, drawn together by a particular cause. A horse had died at the abbey, and had been laid on the outside of the stable. The wolves advanced almost to the foot of the wall. An experienced hunter presently contrived this plan:—He directed the horse to be dragged into the middle of the court, and that the gate should be kept half open by a cord, by the loosing of which it might be suffered to shut at pleasure. He then posted his companions, who were well armed, at different windows, and all the lights were extinguished. All observed a profound silence. In about an hour a wolf of monstrous size appeared at the gate. He advanced with extreme precaution, walked round the horse, and departed, looking behind him as he went. He soon returned, followed by twenty-two other wolves, who rushed all at once upon their prey. When they were thus busily engaged, the gate was shut, and the hunters fired upon them from the windows. The troop, in consternation, fled in all directions, and every where sought an outlet,

but in vain. The animals then formed a circle, or to speak more properly, assembled in council, and presently rushed upon the leader who had brought them into this dilemma, and tore him in pieces. Having inflicted this punishment, they all suffered themselves to be killed without resistance.

SICILIAN REVENGE AND SICILIAN HONOUR.

A German officer who served as aide-de-camp to the Prince of Hesse Philipsthal at Gaeta, in Sicily, and lastly in Calabria, where he was taken prisoner by the French, published, a few years since, on his return to his native country, an account of his campaigns, or rather of his adventures. From this work are extracted the two following anecdotes, illustrative of the manners of the Sicilians:

The governor of Girgenti having conceived a vehement passion for a young country girl who every market day passed under his windows, sent to offer her the most brilliant proposals, which she rejected; he spoke to her himself, but with no better success. Enraged at this refusal, he directed some of his creatures to waylay her: she was seized and brought to him. After a long and fruitless search, the father, a respectable old man, discovered the villain who had robbed him of his child. He instantly repaired to Girgenti, and sent word to the governor, that he had information of the utmost importance to communicate. He was admitted to his presence, and asked permission to speak to him without witnesses. When they were alone, he addressed him in these words: " You have my daughter; restore her to me this moment, or you shall die by my hand." The governor gave a loud shriek; the old man aimed a blow at him with a stiletto, which, being parried in part, inflicted but a slight wound. The attendants hastened to their master's aid; the peasant was apprehended, and before he was removed, the governor signed before his face the order for his execution. The very same evening the unhappy father suffered on the gallows. His still more wretched daughter, hearing at once of the attempt and miserable fate of her father, expired in an agony of grief and despair. The intelligence of this tragic catastrophe soon reached the hamlet where the old man had left his three sons. These youths, equally robust and courageous, bound themselves by an oath at the foot of the altar, to revenge their father and sister, or to perish. They flew to Girgenti, and in vain endeavoured to gain access to the governor, who was kept at home by his wound; neither did they return till they learned that their enemy was to go on a certain day to the cathedral, to be present at some great solemnity. At the time appointed, the three brothers, armed with guns like mountain-hunters coming to sell their game, entered the city, and placed themselves on the watch before the residence of the governor. The latter soon made his appearance. One of the young peasants advanced, and presenting his piece, cried, " Die, thou executioner of our father! Die, assassin of our sister!" He instantly fired, and the governor fell dead on the spot. " We will serve in the same manner every one who shall attempt to oppose our passage," exclaimed

the two others, placing themselves on either side of their eldest brother, with their pieces ready to fire. The by-standers, seized with consternation, remained motionless, and before the proper authorities could issue the necessary orders for the pursuit of these young men, they had reached a place of safety. In that part of the country where they reside, they may flatter themselves with the hope of everlasting impunity.

The second of these anecdotes is not less characteristic.

A wealthy merchant, from the interior of the island, had been to Palermo, where he had transacted a good deal of business. Before his departure for his home, as he would have the mountains to cross, he thought it prudent to take all possible precautions for his security. He therefore repaired, according to the usual custom, to the well-known agent of a band of robbers, to *insure* his property. He was asked the amount that he had about him; he opened both his pocket-book and his girdle, which contained a considerable sum as well in paper as in specie. The agent referred to his table, and the merchant paid agreeably to the fixed rate of insurance. He set out accompanied with a trusty person, who was sent to him, and who engaged to bear him harmless. The first day nothing particular happened, but the next morning, in the passage of a narrow defile, two robbers presented themselves, and required the merchant to give up whatever he had about him. His guide addressed them, and represented to his comrades that the traveller had paid the regular dues for insurance, and even shewed them the passport which he had received from the agent to the band. The robbers, who were halfdrunk, would listen to no expostulations; they pointed their stilettoes against the breast of the traveller, who recommended himself to the protection of his conductor. But what was his despair, when he saw him join the other two, and threaten him with death if he delayed to satisfy them! He therefore loosed his girdle; the guide took it, opened it, and turned out its contents upon the ground. The robbers stooped to pick up the money; the guide flew to them while thus employed, and blew out the brains of both with his pistols. The traveller, who shook in every limb, knew not whether he ought to hope or fear. "Take up your money," said the bandit; "these wretches disgraced their profession, but I have punished them for it. What would become of our insurance-office if travellers could no longer rely on our word?" The rest of the journey was performed without molestation, and the robber, having attended the merchant in safety to his home, requested him to give all possible publicity to his adventure, *for the encouragement of trade.*

ON COMMERCE.

No. XXI.

We next come to the Cape de Verd Islands, the principal of which, St. Jago, is the residence of the viceroy, invested with the command of all the possessions of the crown of Portugal, from Cape

Verd to the Cape of Good Hope. These islands furnish refreshments to such ships, bound that way, as may stand in need of them: what trade there is, is carried on chiefly by the Portuguese themselves, except what may casually be demanded by those ships which happen to touch there for refreshments. The soil is mostly rocky and barren, with some fruitful vales intermixed, and their produce consists of Indian corn, cocoa-nuts, oranges, and other tropical fruits, with roots and garden-stuff; goats, hogs, black cattle, &c. Great quantities of salt are made in the islands of Sal and Bonavista, wherewith they preserve the flesh of their tame cattle, as also the fish caught on their coasts, for exportation to the Brazils. They also export the raw hides of their cattle, together with those of their goats, of which last the Island of Mayo generally furnishes 6000 annually. All these are sent to Portugal, where they are used in the manufactures of the country, or exported elsewhere. The Islands of St. Vincent and Antonio carry on a trade which is tolerably lucrative, with the oil extracted from the turtles which resort thither at certain times of the year; likewise in buck-skins, which they dress after the manner of Spain and Portugal. We may also add, that they produce, in addition to what has been already stated, rice, millet, Turkey corn, citrons, annanas, and several other delicious fruits, with a great profusion of tame and wild fowl, which serve the inhabitants for food, as well as to victual the ships that touch there.

Proceeding still southerly, we come to St. Helena; this island was taken by the English from the Dutch in the reign of Charles II. and has continued in their possession ever since; it is not a place of any trade, except that may be so called which takes place upon the arrival of the East India shipping, either outward or homeward bound. On these occasions a kind of traffic is carried on between the inhabitants on the one part, and the crews and passengers of the ships on the other; the first furnishing the new-comers with refreshments, lodgings, &c. during their stay, and the latter supplying the inhabitants with articles either the produce of Europe or India, as the case may be. The productions of the island are oranges, citrons, pomegranates, figs, and other fruits; peas, beans, and other garden stuff. It has also excellent white salt, bole, or red earth, much like terra sigillata, and some red dying stuffs. The commodities given in exchange, are some wines, thin stuffs of a low price, various sorts of linens, hardware, haberdashery, household utensils, and agricultural instruments.

MERCATOR & Co.

PLATE 2.—POLITO'S MENAGERIE, EXETER CHANGE.

AMONG the various advantages enjoyed by the inhabitants of most large cities, is the opportunity of gaining a more intimate acquaintance with many of the stupendous and interesting productions of nature, than can be obtained from books. For persons of cultivated

minds the study of natural history has strong attractions, and such will eagerly avail themselves of the facilities afforded them for an ocular examination of those animals by the account of whose peculiarities of figure, habit, and manners they have been so often amused.

No place, perhaps, presents such ample means of gratifying this laudable curiosity as London, where various collections, both of dead and living subjects, invite the attention of the inquisitive. The superiority of the latter for conveying correct ideas of animated nature, is too obvious to need remark. Impressed with this consideration, the late Mr. Pidcock began to form a Menagerie for public exhibition, and in an opulent and enlightened age his exertions could scarcely fail of answering his most sanguine expectations. On his death about two years since, his collection was transferred to Mr. Polito, the present proprietor.

This Menagerie occupies the upper part of the building known by the name of Exeter Change, and is distributed in three apartments. Up one flight of stairs is the first and principal of these, of which a correct representation is given in the annexed engraving, except that, by a licence in which artists, like poets, are frequently indulged, one or two alterations have been introduced, for the purpose of heightening the picturesque effect of the whole. For instance, the first cage on the right hand, instead of being occupied by a lion, contains, like the adjoining one, a very beautiful Bengal tiger, of the variety dignified with the epithet of *royal;* and the den at the extremity of the room, where the elephant is seen in our view, is divided horizontally into two compartments, in the lower of which is an hyæna, a beast which seems remarkably wild; and in the upper a young lion, the only one left to this Menagerie out of seven which it some time since possessed. A remarkably fine and majestic male lion, which is said to have cost £400, died in the month of May last, and his death is supposed to have been hastened by the loss of a female, to which he appeared attached with an affection that would scarcely be expected in a brute. It is not improbable that the generous nature of this noble animal is more sensible to the privation of that liberty which he enjoyed in his native deserts, than the more sanguinary and prefidious varieties of the tiger, the leopard, the panther, &c. Of all these there are specimens in this apartment, as also of the real jaguar, or tiger-cat, lately imported from Amboyna; a male and female of that singular animal the ursine sloth, recently discovered in the interior of India; the great Egyptian camel, with an extensive and pleasing variety of the ape and monkey tribe, of parroquets, and other curious and interesting subjects. The tapiir, or hippopotamus of the New World, in particular, is worthy of notice on account of its long snout, which forms a sort of proboscis capable of voluntary extension and contraction. This animal is the most prominent figure in the second cage from the right in our engraving.

The second room, which turns off on the right, at the entrance into the former, contains a male elephant, who, should he ever live to return to the banks of the Ganges,

might astonish his fellows with an account of the applauses which he obtained, in conjunction with biped performers, on the principal stage in one of the most polished cities of the world; for, be it known to the reader, that this is the identical elephant that delighted crowded audiences, for forty successive nights, at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden! Next to this noble animal is lodged the rhinoceros, who is little, if at all inferior in size to his neighbour, having grown surprisingly since his arrival in this country in 1810. This beast is rendered formidable by an exceedingly hard and solid horn, which grows near the point of his snout, sometimes to the length of nearly four feet; and his hide is so impenetrable as to resist leaden musket-balls, for which reason the hunters are obliged to use iron ones to dispatch him. The only two animals of this species which were brought to England for a considerable number of years, before that of which we are speaking, were both purchased for this Menagerie. The first, whose skin is still preserved, was about five years old, and was bought by Mr. Pidcock for £700. His docility was nearly equal to that of a tolerably tractable pig; he would obey his master's orders, walk about the room to exhibit himself, and even allow visitors to pat him on the back or side. His voice bore some resemblance to the bleating of a calf, and was most commonly excited when he perceived persons with fruit or other favourite food in their hands. His food was invariably seized with his projecting upper lip, and conveyed by it to his mouth. He usually ate 28lbs. of clover, the same weight of ship-biscuit, and a prodigious quantity of greens every day. He was likewise allowed five pails of water twice or thrice in the same time. He was extremely fond of sweet wines, and would sometimes drink three or four bottles in the course of a few hours. In October, 1792, this animal was rising up suddenly, when he dislocated one of his fore legs, and this accident occasioned his death about nine months afterwards. He died in a caravan near Portsmouth, and the smell arising from the body was so intolerable, that the mayor ordered it to be immediately buried. In about a fortnight, however, it was privately dug up in the night, for the purpose of preserving its skin and some of the most valuable of its bones; but the stench was so powerful that the persons employed found the greatest difficulty in accomplishing the operation.

The second rhinoceros exhibited here was considerably smaller than the former. He was brought over in 1799, and purchased by an agent of the Emperor of Germany, for £1000; but died about two months after he was sold, in a stable-yard in Drury-lane.

In the third apartment, which is over the two others, the spectator finds some of the largest species of the feathered tribe; among the rest a gigantic male ostrich, which is said to weigh upwards of 300lbs. and to be 11 feet high; the cassowary; the pelican of the wilderness; two large emews; the southern ostrich of Linnæus from Van Dieman's Land; the Cyrus, or great crane of Bengal; several Balearic, or crown cranes, from the coast of Guinea; a pair of curassoes from

the Bay of Honduras; and the eagle and condor of South America. Some of these, as well as the different kinds of cockatoos and parroquets, display the most brilliant colours. Here is also shewn the great female elk of North America; two pairs of kangaroos, one of which may now be seen fostering her young one in the remarkable pouch with which nature has furnished this creature; and the nilghau, an interesting and apparently very tame species of the antelope family. This remark agrees with the observations of the late Dr. Hunter, who for some time kept two that were brought to England; and has given some account of the manners of this curious animal. In the 61st volume of the *Philosophical Transactions*, he says, that though the nilghau was generally reported to be extremely vicious, yet that which was the subject of his observations was very gentle. It seemed pleased with every kind of familiarity, always licked the hand which stroked or gave it bread, and never attempted to use its horns offensively. Its manner of fighting was very particular:—This was observed at Lord Clive's, where two males were put into a little inclosure. While yet at a considerable distance, they prepared for the attack by falling on their fore-knees, and when they had advanced within some yards, they made a spring, and darted against each other. The force with which they thus dart against any object, may be conceived from a circumstance that happened to one of the finest and largest of these creatures ever seen in England. A poor labouring man, without knowing that the animal was near him, came up to the pales of the inclosure in which it was kept; the nilghau, with the rapidity of lightning, darted against the poles with such violence as to shatter them in pieces, and to break off one of his horns close to the root. To this accident was attributed his death, which soon after followed. Hence it appears, that however gentle this creature may sometimes be, it is on other occasions equally vicious and fierce.

The last curiosity which we shall mention in this upper apartment, is the skeleton of a whale, about 60 feet long, which has 22 ribs, 11 on each side, and 54 vertebræ or joints in the back-bone.

We cannot conclude our brief remarks on this collection, which, as the property of a private individual, is perhaps *unique*, without paying a deserved tribute of applause to the present spirited owner, for his exertions to increase it with rare animals; for the improved arrangement which he has introduced; and for the extreme attention bestowed on the removal of every thing offensive. When the heavy disbursements attending these objects, as well as the subsistence of such a large number of animals are considered, the charge of half-a-crown cannot but appear extremely reasonable; and we can assure every person who loves to contemplate the wonderful works of the Almighty Creator, that he will not regret a visit to the Menagerie at Exeter Change. The precautions for the security of the spectators are so complete, that the most timid female cannot feel the least apprehension; and those for the preservation of cleanliness and a due degree of ventilation so effectual, that the most

delicate may approach without disgust.

Before we conclude, we beg leave to suggest to the proprietor, whether it would not be likely to prove an accommodation to the public, as well as a relief to his own attendants, if he were to print a catalogue, at least, of the various animals exhibited, with numbers, and corresponding ones affixed to their respective dens or cages. Such a guide might be afforded at a very trifling expence, and would certainly recommend itself by its usefulness to the generality of visitors.

ETYMOLOGICAL NOVELTIES.

No. III.

EXTRAVAGANCE, originally *extra-vagrants*, from its adding so much to the community of beggars.

TIRE. Wheels are *tired* because continually travelling from one place to another; and yet nothing so effectually wears it off as incessant motion.

BATTERY, part of a fortification, so called from the manœuvring of cricketers who send off balls from their *bat awry*.

HERD of oxen, pigs, &c. thus denominated because from their bellowing, squeaking, and grunting they are sure to be *heard*.

WORSHIP, your worship, his worship, terms used in addressing or speaking of magistrates; they originated in a nickname given to those grave personages by the rogues, so many of whom they have sent to serve on board *war-ships*.

COFFIN, a kind of box which most people *go off in*. Some etymologists derive this word from *coughing*, one of the symptoms of consumption, which is more deadly in this island than any other disorder.

MARVELLOUS. Wonders were originally said to be *marble-ous*, because they made folks stare and roll their eyes about.

USHER, one who, in the absence of the master, labours in vain to preserve silence amidst a host of noisy, squabbling school-boys—hence, by way of jest, his approach was hailed, "Here comes the *hush-er*."

ZEPHYRS, properly *see-fars*—light breezes which clear the air.

ABADDON, one of the numerous names given to the devil. Some of the learned have been at great pains to trace this appellation from the Greek and Hebrew languages, and assert, that it signifies a destroyer;

though it must be obvious to every school-boy, that it is neither more nor less than *a bad one.*

ATTORNEY. It appears from the mal-practices of *pettifoggers* in the law in all ages, that no pest to society has been suffered to remain so long unremoved. Hence the term, *a tawney*, corrupted into *attorney*, was given by way of caution, that they might not be mistaken for *fair* men.

POOR-LAWS. This appellation was given as a reproof to the legislature of an enlightened country, on account of the defectiveness of a certain part of its laws, in contradistinction to the justice and wisdom of the rest of the code of jurisprudence. The continuance of such a system is a reproach to those whom Providence has placed above wretchedness and poverty. *Poor laws*, indeed!

MAID. This is a playful contradiction—maid before marriage, no longer maid when married, and yet *made* when well married.

JUSTICE, a quality eminently displayed by the Greeks, Romans, and others, where the virtues of the camp superseded all feeling, where fathers adjudged their children to death, owning no relations but those which bound them to their country, and banishing from their hearts every spark of mercy; whence they were considered to be neither better nor worse than *just ice.*

CROSS-POSTS, so called, not from being out of the *road*, but out of the *way*. The vexation of the disappointed inhabitants of such places arising from the irregular delivery of letters, parcels, &c. led to the application of the term of *cross-posts.*

HEIGH-HO! A cockney corruption by the addition of the two aspirates. The feeling that produces this ejaculation must be well known to all our brother scribblers, and too many of our readers. When we think of our troublesome creditors—and when do we not?—what idea rushes upon our minds? Alas, *I owe!*

MERCURY. This insidious deity, always studying to ingratiate himself with those whom he meant to cheat or dupe, was dubbed by the other gods a *mere-curry.*

VIRTU. This word originated in the vast care, toil, and expence bestowed by men of wealth, and men of learning, who have run over the world in quest of fragments of ancient art, to collect immortal Ju-

piters without heads, Apollos without hands, ancient Venuses, dirty and mutilated like the Venuses of St. Giles's, and Mercury's exceeded in knavish physiognomy only by the modern rogues who made them; and who have yet overlooked and neglected the merits of many ingenious men of their own age and country. At first the word was intended to have the *final* E; but when the merits of these travelling coxcombs were fairly debated, the pursuit was not considered a virtue, and thus the word was reduced to *virtu*, as a lasting shame to those who possessed the means of obtaining the true reward of patriotic efforts.

LAYMAN, a figure used by painters in contriving attitudes, anciently *lame man*, from the stiffness with which the joints are made to move; but since the Reformation, *layman*, as emphatically allusive to the Sabbath-breaking habits of them and their masters. Inured as they are to this professional vice, they may surely be considered inveterate *laymen*, and unfit for any holy orders, save orders for bishops' portraits or bishops' *half-lengths**.

PERDUS, the forlorn hope of an army. This word is derived from the reprobate habits too common among soldiers. Those gallant fellows, volunteering on desperate service, are corruptly called *Perdus*, from *Pardieus*—" He swears like a trooper."

GUILE, commonly synonimous with fraud, deceit, is a technical term for a brewing of ale or porter, and occasionally used among brewers with a significant wink at each other, as " fire burns and cauldron bubbles," while, witch-like, they walk round, throw in certain ingredients to charm the senses, and exclaim, " 'Tis this we live by!" pointing to the *guile*.

GOAL. The name of this building is sadly tantalizing to its unfortunate inhabitants, for while it seems to say to them *go all*, its bolts, and bars, and turnkeys oblige them to *stay all*.

HIDEOUS. This epithet is applied to objects which being frightful, horrible to look at, seem to say, *Hide us*.

CAUTERIZE, to burn by actual or potential cautery. This word originated, as the story goes, with a love-

* A name technically given to a canvas of certain dimensions.

sick surgeon, whose ardent flame burned fiercer by the radiance of his Chloe's eyes, that is, when he *caught her eyes*.

IRONICAL, from *ire on I call*, as persons using that figure of rhetoric which is termed *irony*, certainly incur the danger of exciting the *ire* of those who are the objects of it.

BEADLES, ward and parish beadles, beadles at city halls, &c. These officers, in cruel derision of their arduous and fatiguing avocations, were originally termed *Be-idles*, for which appellation some of their number ingeniously substituted the mode of spelling now currently adopted.

EIRE OR EYRE, the court of justices itinerant, justices in eyre, or *air*, so called from their flying about and traversing from one place to another.

HERALD, an officer at arms, whose duty it is to denounce war, proclaim peace, &c. whose harangues invariably commence in substance with the exhortation, *Hear all*.

GAZETTE, a species of newspaper containing information which people are always extremely eager to *gaze at*.

HEARSE, a close carriage for a dead body, used in funeral processions, frequently covered with a profusion of nodding plumage and gaudy achievements, and seeming to say to the gaping beholders, *Here see!* We have our doubts, however, respecting this derivation, for there are 'cute reasoners who insist that the hearse is so called because about this time the *heirs* begin to be more looked up to and considered than the defunct.

GLACIS, in fortification, a sloping bank, ranging from the parapet of the covered way, so called because it is often as slippery as *glass is*.

ROUNDHOUSE of a parish, a prison to secure those who have not discretion enough to keep *within compass* without it.

NOVICE, literally a *no-vice*, an innocent female in a state of preparation for taking the veil.

NOVICIATE. This word, though it apparently has the preceding for its root, has, in fact, a very different derivation. *No vice I hate*—the preparatory step, the first qualification for entering an university.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Mr. Ackermann has announced his intention of publishing by subscription, under the immediate patronage of the very Reverend the Dean of Westminster, *Two Coloured Engravings*, with descriptive letter-press, of the Procession and Ceremony of the Installation of the Knights of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, from drawings by Mr. Frederic Nash. The first of these drawings represents a finely selected part of the interior of Westminster Abbey, with the procession of the knights to Henry VII.th's Chapel. This splendid design, which has already attracted uncommon attention, and called forth the admiration of every one who has seen it at the Exhibition of Water-Colours in Spring-Gardens, gives the fairest promise of what its companion will be, if the established character of the artist were not of itself sufficient to justify every expectation of excellence. The other subject will be the Ceremonial of the Installation, with all its accessory circumstances. Heraldic splendour, dignified solemnity, various state, picturesque costume, the scene of Henry VII.th's Chapel prepared for the magnificent show, with the contrasted appearance of those who are there to see and those who are to be seen, will form a combination of objects, which, when brought into one view, will produce a picture that cannot fail, in the execution awaiting it, to gratify every admirer of the arts: nor will the eye alone be satisfied with such a representation; an associate interest will be conveyed to the mind, on the consideration, that it is the scene of honourable distinction to those heroic characters, whose past actions have added to the renown, and whose future deeds, it may be fondly hoped, will aid the glorious purpose of establishing the prosperity of the country. The size of these prints will be 20 inches by 15; and the price to the first 300 subscribers three guineas the pair, after that number it will be advanced to four guineas.

The new and splendid edition of Somervile's *Rural Sports*, with engravings on wood by Nesbit from Thurston's designs, announced in our last number as being in preparation by Mr. Ackermann, will also be published by subscription. To the first five hundred names the price will be one guinea, and to all after that number £1 11 6. The designs for this work will be printed on India paper, the effect of which method has been so generally acknowledged and so much admired in the *Religious Emblems*, lately submitted to the world by the same publisher.

Mr. Charles Verulam Williams has in the press *A Life and Administration of the Right Honourable Spencer Perceval*.

The Rev. James Hall, author of a Treatise on Ice, Heat, and Cold, Travels in Scotland, &c. has in the press *Various and Instructive Remarks on Ireland*, particularly the interior and least known parts, drawn from actual observation on the spot, during a late tour in that country, and calculated to give an accurate view of the real state of religion and

morals, as well as of the politics and improvements in the different provinces, with reflections and observations, towards the conclusion, on the union of Britain and Ireland, the practicability and advantage of a telegraphic communication between the two kingdoms, and other matters of importance.

The Rev. G. Faber is preparing for the press, *Origines Mythologicæ*, a work intended to show the fundamental identity and common origin of the various mythological systems of paganism.

Dr. C. Badham, physician to the Duke of Sussex, is translating *Juvenal* into English verse, with brief annotations.

The Rev. George Crabbe is preparing a volume of *Tales*, to be published uniform with his other works.

Mr. John Bellamy is preparing *A History of all Religions*, containing an account of their rise, decline, descent, and changes, from the earliest times to the commencement of the Christian religion.

The doubts which have existed of the fate of Mr. Mungo Parke are now removed, by the certain accounts lately received from Goree, of his having perished, through the hostility of the natives, on one of the branches of the Niger. The particulars have been transmitted to Sir Joseph Banks, by Governor Maxwell, of Goree, who received them from Isaco, a Moor, sent inland by the governor for the purpose of enquiry. In a letter to Mr. Dickson, of Covent-Garden, brother-in-law to Mr. Parke, Sir Joseph thus writes:—"I have read Isaco's translated journal; by which it appears that the numerous European retinue of Mungo Parke quickly and miserably died, leaving, at the last, only himself and a Mr. Martyn. Proceeding on their route, they stopped at a settlement, from which, according to custom, they sent a present to the chief whose territory they were next to pass. This present having been treacherously withheld, the chief considered it, in the travellers, as a designed injury and neglect. On their approaching, in a canoe, he assembled his people on a narrow channel of rocks, and assailed them so violently with arrows, that some of the rowers were killed. This caused Mr. Parke and Mr. Martyn to make an effort by swimming to reach the shore, in which attempt they both were drowned. This canoe shortly afterwards sunk, and only one hired native escaped. Every appurtenance also of the travellers was lost or destroyed, except a sword-belt which had bolonged to Mr. Martyn, and which Isaco redeemed and brought with him to Goree."

A young German, of the name of Rontgen, who left England about a twelvemonth since for Africa, in order to prosecute discoveries in the interior of that country, has also, it is said, been murdered by the Arabs, before he had proceeded any great distance from Mogadore, where he spent some time perfecting himself in the Arabic language. He was a promising young man, and an enthusiast in the cause in which he was lost, and supposed to understand the Arabic language better than any European who ever before entered Africa. At an early age he formed the plan of going to that country, and gave up his connections and a competency in Ger-

many, to prosecute his intentions. His father was a character well known in Europe, who raised himself from obscurity to the greatest celebrity by his talent for mechanics; he was at one time worth a million, but was ruined by the French revolution.

A volcano has made its appearance in North America. On the morning of the 16th December last a great smoke was seen to issue from the top of Spear's Mountain, which is detached from the range that extends from the Blue Ridge to Swannoe River, and ends some miles below its junction with French Broad. The mountain is conical and insulated; its base is washed on the west side by French Broad River, on the east side it is separated by a narrow valley (overhung in some places by large rocks) from that ridge called French Broad Mountains: their bare rocks, stunted vegetation, and arid surface, shew that they have long felt that subterranean fire which probably gave heat to the warm springs, and has at last burst out with such dreadful fury. It still continues to burn with great violence, and throws up lava, scoria, ashes, calcined stones, and vitrified matter, in great quantities, and with the most tremendous noise. The quantity of lava discharged at the beginning of the eruption was immense; it ran down the mountain in a stream of liquid fire for more than a mile, and has formed a dam across French Broad River so high as to overflow about 200 acres of prime bottom land, to the great injury of the owners. In the night time the ignited stones, cinders, &c. which are thrown two or three hundred feet in the air, present a grand appearance, and have a great resemblance to artificial fire-works. During the day a columnial whitish smoke issues from the crater: at night it has a flame-like appearance, and where it has been driven by the wind, has withered the small dwarf pines which had taken root in the barren soil of this and the neighbouring mountains; their bark and leaves are incrusted with a yellowish powder, which has an acrid taste and strong sulphuric smell. No person has had courage sufficient to approach the crater; but those who were acquainted with the top of the mountain before the eruption, say that it was uneven and very rocky. The crater appears (judging by the smoke) to be twenty yards in diameter, and is growing larger. A large mass fell in, with a greater noise than the loudest artillery; it shook the country round, and was echoed from the mountains and valleys. The lava, when cold, has the appearance of vitrified basalt. The stone on the mountain is hard and coarse grained, with an uneven conchoidal fracture, but no appearance of basalt. The scoria are sonorous, have a ferruginous appearance, and shew strong magnetic attraction. The credulous people who inhabit the mountain view it with as much terror as the children of Israel did Mount Sinai. Some say the end of time is arrived, and think the crater is the mouth of the "bottomless pit:" the fantastic appearances of the electric fluid, which is seen darting in various shapes through the smoke after night, by the help of fancy, they transform into spirits, devils, &c. These wild ideas have been increased by the

declarations of an itinerant preacher, who calls upon them to repent, not in the language of Jonah, "Yet forty days," &c. but saying, "Behold the place of punishment for the wicked!"

MUSICAL REVIEW.

The Overture, Chorusses, and whole of the Music as performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, to the Grand Melodramatic Opera, called the VIRGIN OF THE SUN, *composed and compressed for the Piano-Forte,* by Henry R. Bishop, *Composer and Director of the Music to the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden; the Poetry by F. Reynolds, Esq.* Price, without the Chorusses, 10s. 6d.; Chorusses only, 7s. 6d.; complete, 18s.

IT is more than once we have had an opportunity of doing justice to Mr. Bishop's talents for dramatic composition. Some of his ballets have maintained a favoured place in the collections of the amateurs to this day; and his *Circassian Bride* has bidden defiance to the destructive element which levelled Drury-lane theatre to the ground. His music to the *Virgin of the Sun*, now before us in extract, has met with great applause at the theatre, and may fairly be deemed to have contributed its share to the eminent success of a piece which was no longer a novelty on the British stage. A regular opera, in the strict sense of the term, it cannot be called; for it is only in the first act that five or six songs and one duet occur. None of those are to be met with in the second act, which entirely consists of chorusses and pieces for several voices. The nature of the overture, likewise, is incompatible with our idea of the laws of a real and good opera. Why fritter impression away by four successive movements?—a lento, allegro, andante, and rondo, all of which, be they ever so good in themselves, form as incongruous a whole in this place, as if, in order to begin a repast well, the host would set before his guests a tureen composed of gravy soup, mock turtle, ox-palate, and vermicelli. But the gallery, will it be said perhaps, must have a bit of a fiddle solo, and a bit of a clarinet passage, to excite their astonishment. We, for our part, question this solo propensity of the gallery; if it does exist, it has been forcibly reared; and indeed we have too good an opinion of Mr. B.'s abilities, to conceive them in need of clap-traps for the galleries. That he has composed for better ears than the galleries, the greatest part of the opera, nay, the overture itself, is our voucher. The introductory lento bears a character of grave solemnity and of scientific expression well suited to its purpose. In the allegro we remark with satisfaction its elegant motivo and the variety of modulations through more or less allied keys, frequently uncommon, and of striking dramatic effect. In regard to the songs, which are as follow:

1. "*When in the World my Days I past*," Miss Bolton—

2. "*The Bed of Roses*," Mr. Sinclair—

3. "*The Maid of the Mountain*," Miss Feron—

4. (Duet) "*For Home and native Land*," Messrs. Sinclair and Broadhurst—

5. (Song) "*When by a Parent's stern Command*," Miss Feron—

6. "*In Cora's Cause*," Mrs. Childe—

7. (Polacca) *T'was Rolla brave*, Mr. Sinclair—

it would carry us far beyond our limits to analyze the component parts of each. Speaking, therefore, generally, we are free to say, that, in the aggregate, they display considerable merit, both as to variety of ideas, expression in the melody, and structure of the accompaniments. No. 1 is conceived in an easy ballad style, and its harpeggio accompaniment is as simple. Of No. 2, our greatest partiality leans towards the latter part, from "On thorns we tread," including the neat turn given to the burden, "Ne'er sleep on a bed of roses." No. 3, "The Maid of the Mountain," is entitled to particularly favourable notice. Its chaste melody conveys an impression of rural innocence, which is heightened by another very agreeable conclusion. But the many pauses (from beginning to end, about a dozen for six staves), although common in the works of the English school, are really injurious to its effect. Sparingly applied, they serve as a proper rest for the voice as well as the ear, and frequently prove an essential advantage in changing to another phrase. The duet, No. 4, has many attractive ideas, and is altogether a creditable performance. The melody throughout is good; the passage, "Save when this fervent prayer," highly interesting; and the conclusion, "For home," &c. very spirited. In the succeeding song of Miss Feron, "When by a parent's stern command," the symphony to which demands our applause, we have to notice the lofty and appropriate expression of the words, "And descended from Incas," &c. Mrs. Childe's bravura, "In Cora's cause," is introduced by a recitativo of much musical emphasis, and a well devised symphony. Here the author has taken a more elevated and by no means *Icarian* flight, suited to the diction of his text. The variety of select and impressive thoughts, successively linked together with much judgment, render this a meritorious performance, and divert the eye of the severer critic from the notice of some harmonic imperfections, such as *p. 32, l. 3, b.* 3, where the ear is struck by the impression of successive fifths. A slighter shade of the same effect occurs in the accompaniment of bar 5, line 1, in the same page, which, altogether, would have been benefited by a more careful revision. The polacca sung by Mr. Sinclair, has our entire commendation. Not only the motivo, but the succeeding phrases, possess a high degree of sprightly elegance. If any thing were to be wished for, it would be a more brilliant conclusion for such a shewy composition, than the mere reintroduction of the motivo. The various movements appertaining to the storm scene, claim unqualified praise. The musical colouring of the introductory quartett (*p. 44*) expresses most intelligibly the emotions of anxiety and dread in the text; and the several succeeding movements, not to forget the earthquake allegro in five flats, exhibit a richness of poetic imagination and science, and an intimacy with the requisites of dramatic effect, which do honour to the talents of the com-

poser. The same praise is due to the different chorusses and pieces for several voices, which engross the rest of the work. The numerous and frequently original transitions bespeak the author's knowledge of the management and effect of discords; and the judicious variation of keys, tempos, and thoughts, shews that a cultivated mind, in every instance, had seized the intent of the text, and guided the pen of the composer.

L'Amour piqué par une Abeille, Imitation d'Anacréon, pour le Forte-Piano, composé par I. Mugnié. Pr. 6s.

Although this publication is not absolutely recent, we are sure our readers will find no other fault with us, than that of not having brought it sooner under their notice. The beautiful erotic fable in the 40th ode of Anacreon forms the ground-plot of this composition. Cupid, reposing on a bed of roses, is stung by a bee; in tears he carries his complaints to his mother, and Venus, pitying the boy's misfortune, observes to him, "If the sting of a little bee causes you such pain, what must those feel that are stung by your arrow?" The author's performance, accordingly, is divided into the following several movements, descriptive of the different stages of the action:

Andante in E b,
Cupid reposes on a bed of roses, is stung.
Allegretto in B b,
Pain, agitation, lamentation.
Larghetto in G minor,
He seeks Venus, finds her.
Andante in G,
Tells his grief, and entreats her assistance.
Largo in C minor,
Venus bewails his misfortune, and, in an
Allegro in C major,
Gives him the reproof above-mentioned.

A composition of this kind, similar to a ballet, afforded a fine scope for variety of expression, scientific modulation, and appropriate colouring. In every one of these aims, Mr. M. has fully satisfied our highest expectation. The style of repose which pervades the 1st movement, is charming; and the sudden burst of the chord of the diminished seventh, expressive of the sting, highly characteristic. The restlessness of the wounded god of love, his pain, and grief, are inimitably depicted. The same praise of characteristic and happy expression is due to the remainder of the movements. But the last, the allegro, claims our special notice: it is an elaborate composition, full of spirit, and distinguished by a chaste combination of scientific ideas; the bass passage of the 3d line, *p.* 10, is attended with striking effect; and the succession of fine discords (*p.* 11, *l.* 1), probably indicative of the mother's reproof, proclaim the author's harmonic knowledge. The conclusion, too, deserves our unqualified commendation.

We cannot dismiss this performance without expressing a wish that the path so successfully trodden by Mr. M. will be frequented by other composers. By proposing to themselves a certain subject to be represented by the language of mere musical sounds, without the aid of words, they will have an opportunity of interesting the mind and reason, as well as the ear of the

performer or hearer; and, surely, as in painting and sculpture, the pleasure is always heightened and more refined, if, in addition to our senses, our judgment likewise comes in for its share.

Clementi and Company's Collection of Rondos, Airs with Variations, and Military Pieces, for the Piano-Forte, by the most esteemed Composers. No. 53. Pr. 3s.
Ditto, Ditto. No. 54. Pr. 3s.

No. 53 of this collection presents us with a "A Grand Fantasia with seven variations on a favourite air, by D. Steibelt." The author first gives his air briefly in D major, then sallies into D minor for a considerable time, from whence he enters three sharps until he leads his subject into a presto in triple time, and concludes the first part of the work with a moderato. Seven variations next succeed, and are wound up in a coda. So much for the exterior construction of this performance; but to detail its intrinsic merits, indeed its innumerable and incomparable excellencies, would be to give a catalogue *raisonné* of the contents of almost every staff; a task which the name of the celebrated author renders, we think, unnecessary. Such music as this is a *rara avis in terris.* Its harmonic richness, skilful combination, infinite variety of elegant ideas linked in natural and mellow succession, original and bold modulations, its uncommonly fine bass, in short, its whole texture is so much above our praise, that we cannot but stake the credit of our veracity in assuring such of our readers, as by their proficiency are capable of doing justice to this composition, that they will derive a treat from it, which does not fall to their lot every day, and that the oftener they play it, the more beauties will open themselves to their view.

No. 54, which likewise bears the name of Steibelt, contains another theme, called *La Bohemienne*, with nine variations, preceded by a short introductory slow movement. Although, in point of subject as well as in the treatment of it, it appears to us to possess a less degree of interest than the foregoing number, yet the difference is only comparative. "La Bohemienne" will by no means be found destitute of pretensions to the favour of the experienced amateur. The different variations are devised with judgment, and much out of the hackneyed way. The minor of the third possesses delicacy; considerable scientific arrangement prevails in the fourth variation, as also in the sixth, an adagio, which in some places borders on the capricious; and the conclusion is conducted with tasteful propriety.

Six Divertimentos for the Piano-Forte, composed, and respectfully inscribed to the Miss Hamilton's, by N. Rolfe. Pr. 4s.

A work evidently intended for the practice of pupils of incipient proficiency; and the author's care to render it eminently fit for that object is apparent in every part. Each divertimento consists of two movements, none of which ever exceeds the compass of one page. The subjects throughout are modern and pleasing; whatever modulation the brevity of the movement and the object of the work would admit, is introduced with neatness; great attention appears to have been paid to adapt the passages to the fingers;

and to give to the left-hand a due share of employment. With such advantages in its favour, the present publication claims the strongest recommendation on our part. There is nothing to deter the student of moderate ability, and the improvement of his executive powers will be equal to the entertainment which the agreeable and facile nature of the composition must afford him.

La Colombe reperdue, an Air (?) for the Piano-Forte, with or without additional Keys, composed, and dedicated to Miss H. C. by J. Mugnié. Pr. 1s. 6d.

If it were necessary to prove the possibility of displaying excellence in a performance of a page or two, the present little work would furnish the best evidence. The title does not appear to us to be a blank letter, fished for at hazard, according to the practice of the day: we conceive, that the idea of the loss of a favourite dove, the consequent lamentations of the fair owner, her solicitations for the return of the bird, and the latter's ungrateful joy at the recovery of long sought for liberty, and other concomitant expressions, constitute the ground-work of this elegant trifle, if we may presume to call it so merely on account of its diminutive bulk. The minor theme, its major imitation, the varied modulations, indicative of the complaints occasioned by the loss, the responsive high notes of the dove, and the delicate conclusion, are altogether replete with dramatic and picturesque expression, which can scarcely be misunderstood, and which leave a regret at the short duration of the piece.

Six Variations on a favourite Air for the Harp, composed, and dedicated to the Honourable T. W. Coventry, by G. Schultz, jun. Pr. 3s.

As the production, perhaps even the first essay, of a juvenile composer, these variations are certainly deserving of such notice as may tend to encourage future efforts. The theme is a well known dance, called, we believe, *Lord Cathcart's Reel*, originally taken from a rondo of Pleyel's, and the different variations partake of the usual method of diversification of the subject; the passages are connected together with ease, and well suited for the instrument. The bass, with the exception of var. 2, where it goes through the theme, and var. 3, where it acts responsively, is rather plain; a little more colouring would have infused greater interest into the performance.

The Maid of Toro, a Song sung by Mr. Harrison at the Vocal Concerts, the Words by Walter Scott, Esq. composed, and inscribed to Miss Elizabeth Jones, by Wm. Horsley, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 2s.

Mr. H. has been very successful in devising for the pathetic text of this song a melody replete with affecting expression, and varied by several turns conspicuous for their delicacy and feeling. The accompaniment is simple, but perfectly adequate to support the voice with effect, as it exhibits the progress of the interesting and by no means common-place harmony in an appropriate and skilful manner. The whole of the three stanzas are in score, not so much on account of any essential variation in the melody, as to express the varied im-

EVENING DRESS.

port of the text by a change in the accompaniments. Accordingly we find the distant roar of the battle suitably and elegantly typified in the piano-forte part of the second verse, and in several other instances an apposite variation in the accompaniment heightens the interest of the melody; an idea which has our full commendation, and deserves to be more frequently put in practice.

The Deserter's Meditations, a favourite Irish Air, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, and respectfully inscribed to the Misses Harrison, by Samuel Wesley. Pr. 1s. 6d.

In this small publication we meet with ample traces of the mastery of its author. It is not a rondo patched up out of a few common-place turns and chords, just to be played once and then to be consigned to the heap of modern musical rubbish. Mr. W. has taken up a common subject, and treated it in a manner which becomes an adept in the science of harmonics. The theme makes its appearance in a variety of protean shapes and keys, constantly diversified by the hand of sterling art. We are at one time entertained with neatly fugued contrivances, at another some masterly counterpoint claims our attention. Every bar partakes of the spirit of the subject, while it displays the skill of the composer. To the true connoisseur this rondo will afford a high treat; and to such only we wish to recommend it, as it would be thrown away upon an ear vitiated by the ephemeral sing-song productions of the day.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 4.—EVENING DRESS.

An embroidered crape round robe, decorated at the feet with a deep Vandyke fringe; short melon sleeve; bosom and back to correspond. White or blossom satin under-dress. Hair a dishevelled crop, ornamented with a small cluster of the Chinese rose on each side, and confined with a comb of pearl at the back of the head. Necklace, earrings, and bracelets, of pearl and wrought gold. Grecian scarf of lilac silk, with embroidered variegated ends. Slippers of white satin, and gloves of French kid. Fan of imperial crape and ivory, embellished with gold antique devices.

PLATE 5.—PROMENADE DRESS.

A round high robe of fine cambric or jaconot muslin, with waggoner's sleeve, and high, full-gathered collar. A cottage vest, of light green or lemon-coloured sarsnet, laced in front of the bosom with silk cord, and trimmed round with broad thread lace; the vest left unconfined at the bottom of the waist. A Highland helmet, composed of the same material as the vest, with long square veil of white lace. A rosary and cross of the *coquilla nut**. Half-boots of pale green kid. Parasol of the same colour, with deep white silk awning. Gloves of buff-coloured kid.

* For an account of this curious fruit see Belinda's Letter in this number.

TWENTY-FOURTH LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY IN LONDON TO HER SISTER IN THE COUNTRY.

Another short fortnight, my dear Constance, and we leave this gay scene for the sea-coast, or the rural retirement of our hostess's native villa. I hope my kind stars will prevail in favour of the former; for grottos, groves, majestic oaks, waving foliage, the feathered choir, with other varied and stupid etceteras, are vastly disagreeable to me, who dearly love the society of objects more animated, and more in unison with the sense and discernment of rational, humanized, and elegant minds. You cannot think, my love, how *easy* we are in this dear fashionable place; you recollect how we bridled up with virtuous indignation, when Squire B—— (having made too free with your father's Madeira at the county election) placed *each* of his rude arms round *each* of our waists. You rose with offended majesty, to the opposite side of the drawing-room, while I (quite as much incensed, though differently actuated) returned him a sudden and smart box on the ear. What would you say could you see how easy these little familiarities are received here! Colonel Mordant politely flatters any lady he happens to sit next at table, not only by occasionally placing his arm openly round her waist, but he not unfrequently places his martial knee in contact with hers, or makes his foot give the sensitive touch to her slipper, or his spur gallantly entangle itself in the train of her robe, and you are thought vastly vulgar to take offence at such trifles. Indeed, in our world, we are never allowed to be offended at any thing. Nothing is considered so unfashionable as natural resentment of an indignity offered you. So that when you are treated ill, or deceived by your lover or friend, the most genteel method, by far, is to set your wits to work, and deceive them roundly in return. I will give some further information on this modern system in my future letters; time presses at present, and I must not suffer this packet to be closed without conveying you its accustomed intelligence.

Let me hasten, then, to tell you, that so as you preserve the general style of fashion, such as the waist a moderate length, long sleeves, and covered throat, in the morning—half-boots, spencers, or three quartered pelisses; and in the evening, short sleeves, uncovered bosom, and the hair *à la Greque*, you may adorn yourself as you please, without the imputation of singularity, so great is the variety in which the present race of fashionables indulge. The Grecian scarf, the military spencer, the French pelerine, are each in estimation at their season, for the carriage or walking-dress. Flemish bonnets in satin or chip, the Highland helmet, Spanish hats, and small cottage bonnets (the former with feathers, the latter placed at the back of the head, with a small French cap of lace beneath, and a flower on one side, with a large square white veil), are appropriately united to this style of decoration. The morning robe is invariably made high in the neck, with long sleeves, and still ornamented with appliqued lace or needle-work,

in various fanciful directions. The coloured robe is now entirely confined to the evening or full dress, and is formed either as French frocks, Spanish tunics, or the flowing Turkish robe; in each, white satin or sarsnet composes the under-dress. The bosoms are cut very low, and the shoulders and back rather unbecomingly exposed. The sleeve is here worn short, and rather full; in the melon, bishop, rucked, or simple frock form, appliqued with lace and white satin. The train still continues short, except in court dress; and many wear the evening dress a walking length. The hair is still confined in the Grecian style, though much more divided in front than formerly, so that the full curls are seen on each side, and many allow the large ringlet to fall on one side of the neck, somewhat in the style of King Charles's beauties. All flowers are now placed either at the back of the head, continuing round to the left side, where they terminate in a small cluster, or in small bunches on each side of the temple, united by a slender wreath of leaves. Diamonds, pearls, and emeralds, with other precious gems, are ever consistent in full dress, as is also the (lately introduced) filigree necklace of gold, resembling the Spanish and Maltese button worn on the cloth and velvet pelisse a few months back. With the morning and domestic costume are now worn rosaries, crosses, and bracelets, composed of the newly-imported Coquilla Nut. As the general account of this fruit may not possibly reach you, I will just inform you, that this nut is of the same species as the cocoa-nut, but without milk; is much smaller, and quite different in colour. It is conjectured to be derived from the Portuguese possessions in Africa. It is in a great measure unknown in this country, which may be accounted for, from the circumstance of its being near sixty years since the Custom-House entries mention an importation of it. It is of a most pleasing appearance, being of a mottled red brown, and of a highly polished surface. It is not only formed in rosaries, neck, and wrist ornaments, but in useful and elegant appendages for ladies' writing, work, and dressing-tables. With the cambric morning dress, necklaces or rosaries, and bracelets of this curious fruit, afford a neat and appropriate contrast.

Adieu! dear, and ever dear sister! In a few weeks expect again to hear from your faithful and affectionate

Belinda.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

The languor of the war in Spain and the state of momentous suspense in which the affairs of the North are still involved, will enable us to comprise the few important occurrences of the past month within a shorter span than usual.

SPANISH PENINSULA.

Except the brilliant exploit of Gen. Sir Rowland Hill upon the bridge of Almaraz, which we shall presently lay before our readers, the Anglo-Portuguese forces have remained completely inactive during

the period above alluded to. The 3d, 4th, 5th, and light divisions are in the north with Lord Wellington, whose head-quarters have not been removed from the well-known Fuente Guinaldo; and the 1st, 2d, 6th, and 7th divisions are stationed on the south of the Tagus, under the command of Sir Rowland Hill. That general, pursuant to orders from Lord Wellington, broke up from Almendralego on the 12th of May, with a part of the 2d division and the 18th light dragoons. He reached Almaraz, so as to assault the formidable works by which the bridge was defended, on the morning of the 19th. Two strong forts covered the approach to the bridge upon each side of the river. They were well garrisoned and provided with eighteen pieces of cannon. The difficulties of the ground prevented General Hill from bringing up his artillery, and he was obliged to employ a great part of his corps in watching and threatening the castle of Mirabete. The service of escalading Fort Napoleon fell to the 50th regiment and part of the 71st, led by Major-Gen. Howard. The French at first opposed a vigorous resistance; but the impetuous gallantry of our troops carried every thing before them. The enemy were driven by the bayonet over the bridge; many were drowned in the Tagus; their *panic* was so great, that they abandoned Fort Ragusa on the right bank without resistance, and fled towards Naval Moral. The hostile loss in killed and wounded was very great, and the governor, 16 officers, and 240 men were made prisoners; one standard and the whole of their ordnance was taken, together with great quantities of provisions, ammunition, and other stores, as also a large and complete pontoon-establishment. Our own loss was, 1 officer and 31 men killed; 1 captain, 10 subalterns, 10 serjeants, and 118 British, as also 1 ensign and 3 privates of the Portuguese wounded. Sir R. Hill immediately caused the fortifications, the bridge, workshops, and magazines to be destroyed; and having completed this service, he left Almaraz the next day, and returned, by easy marches, to the Guadiana.

To us the most welcome part of this intelligence is the panic of the enemy. It is not the first time they have, latterly, felt this sensation before unknown to them. Our army begins to be as much dreaded by them as our navy has long been. But speaking of the event itself, the loss of the important station of Almaraz will be severely felt by the enemy, inasmuch as it will cause a great interruption in the communication of the army under Marmont, with that of the corps in the south commanded by Soult and other subordinate French generals; a circumstance of great consequence in the event of the renewal of active operations on our part. How soon such a renewal will be in the power of Lord Wellington, must depend upon the reinforcements he shall receive from England. The French armies, reduced as they are in numbers, will not provoke any attack; their chiefs throughout the Peninsula act evidently at the present moment upon a system of passive defence. To maintain the ground they possess, until Bonaparte has settled matters in Poland, so as to enable him to inundate Spain once

more with formidably superior numbers, must now be the utmost ambition of French policy, as much as it ought to be an urgent motive for us to strain the last nerve to profit of the favourable aspect of affairs in Spain.

Of Suchet we hear not a word—nothing whatever seems to be doing in the east of Spain. From the south we shall always have something to report, as long as that active chief, General Ballasteros, remains in that quarter. On the 14th of April he surprized and routed a column under General Rey, near Arrolla; and on the 23d, he attacked and defeated a French corps of 2500 men, under Colonel Schweitzer, sustaining, however, a loss of 226 men killed and wounded. But a reserve under General Soult advancing upon the Spaniards, they were compelled, without reaping the fruits of their victory, to draw back on their former stations.

Once more have the French overrun the province of Asturia; overrun, *without opposition*, and in small numbers, a country which nature has rendered almost impregnable. On the 17th they entered Oviedo, and immediately proceeded to Gijon, which they likewise occupy again. We have often expressed our regret and wonder at seeing the Gallicians and Asturians, whose courage had almost become proverbial, guilty of the most disgraceful inactivity and apathy in their country's cause. Surely there is something rotten, more than meets the eye, in the conduct of their councils.

SPANISH COLONIES.

A most terrible convulsion of nature has spread such devastation over the apostate so called republic of Venezuela, that the rebellious guilt of its inhabitants is almost forgotten at the reflection of the dreadful calamity inflicted upon them. An earthquake, as destructive as any history has upon record, in the space of about three minutes, laid waste a great track of country bordering on the Caribbean Sea. About seven minutes past four in the afternoon of the 26th March, the shock was felt in the city of Carraccas, just when a great part of the inhabitants were assembled in different churches. In two minutes one quarter of the town was a heap of rubbish, the rest rendered uninhabitable, and upwards of 5000 persons were miserably buried in the ruins. The extent of the desolation is not yet precisely stated; but, as far as we are informed, the city of Laguira shared a similar fate; Vittoria is entirely demolished; Leon, Puerto-Cavallo, and many other towns have suffered greatly. Rocks were levelled to the ground, large tracks of land sunk, and bodies of water forced up into their place. The terrified inhabitants, it is stated, consider this severe misfortune as a visitation of Heaven, in punishment of their rebellious proceedings, which, if report be true, they so sincerely repent, that the approach of the smallest force, under the authority of the mother country, would be sufficient to overawe the few refractory spirits still swaying the insurgent administration, and effect a counter-revolution in favour of the lawful government.

Advices from Buenos Ayres furnish great apprehension of the renewal of the civil war in that quar-

ter. The protracted stay of the Portuguese troops on the banks of La Plata, has given great jealousy to the turbulent spirits at Buenos Ayres; an action is even said to have taken place between the troops of both nations; and it is added, that the blockade of the town has been resumed by a squadron sent from Monte Video.

In Mexico, likewise, the flame of civil war is not yet extinguished. The insurgent chief Morelos is besieged in the town of Quatla by General Calleja; but in the interior of the kingdom tranquillity is stated to prevail. A dangerous conspiracy has been timely discovered at Vera Crux; its object was to seize the city, and raise the standard of rebellion. More than 30 individuals, with their chief, were apprehended, and await their fate.

NORTH OF EUROPE.

Contrary to our expectations, no hostile event has as yet taken place between the armies of Russia and France, whom both their sovereigns have now joined. Bonaparte, with his consort, arrived at Dresden on the 16th of May, and Alexander at Wilna about a fortnight before. The former's stay at Dresden was distinguished by the meeting of several continental sovereigns, more or less under the rod of Bonaparte. The Emperor of Austria was treated with a sight of his daughter, the devoted wife of his enemy, whose cunning no doubt was directed to effect by that means the important object of making Francis an ally, or at least a passive spectator in the approaching war. After enjoying, in common with many of these assembled vassal sovereigns and several branches of the illustrious house of Napoleon, operas, balls, grand hunting parties, and other fêtes, Bonaparte pursued his journey to the Vistula, and arrived on the 2d of June at Thorn, where our last accounts have left him. As we have not any thing further to add, to which we could pledge historic authenticity, we will not detain our readers with the contradictory speculations of continental politicians, except mentioning the death (at Wilna) of Count Romanzoff, the Russian minister. As this statesman is supposed to have constantly supported a system of amity with France, his demise is not likely to produce any unfavourable change in the present councils of Russia. From Sweden we have nothing material to add to our statement of last month.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

After the many and great naval victories, by which we have disposed of the maritime power of France, as it were wholesale, the active valour of our navy must needs now content itself with a few occasional pickings of odds and ends, that happen to fall in its way. For, animated by a deadly spite against our commerce, the ruler of France at times is still foolhardy enough to send out some of the few ships he has left, regardless of their fate, so they can but take a few of our merchant-vessels scattered in all directions over the aqueous globe. A predatory squadron of this description, consisting of the Ariadne and Andromache frigates, and the Mameluke brig, had in this manner sneaked out of the Loire in January last. During the space of four months, in which they cruised with surprising impunity over the greater

part of the Atlantic, as far as the West Indies, they had taken near 40 English, Spanish, Portuguese, and American vessels, till, loaded with a most valuable booty, they steered homewards, and reached the very entrance of the port of L'Orient on the 22d May. Another quarter of an hour and they had been safe in port. But the Northumberland (74), Captain Hotham, accompanied by the Growler gun-brig, having just in right time observed their approach, although too late to cut them off, did what but a British seaman would have done. With the most imminent danger of grounding, and in defiance of the batteries on shore, Capt. Hotham ran his ship into the very mouth of the canal which the enemy's ships had to pass, with no more than 25 feet water. The French squadron, no longer able to retrace its steps, made a desperate effort to pass the narrow and shallow strait between our ship and the land, under a vigorous fire on both sides. In this hopeless attempt they met the fate prepared for them. All three grounded successively, and pierced and set on fire by our shot, one blew up after another, within twenty-four hours. The greatest part of the crews, it is hoped, saved themselves on shore. We had four men killed, and 28 wounded, chiefly through the fire of the batteries. At this price, the loss of a hand to get a thumb-nail, we have no reason to regret the previous capture of a few of our merchantmen.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

As, constitutionally speaking, the ministers of a British sovereign are the responsive executive government of the country, we are warranted in designating the period of four weeks, which elapsed between the horrid assassination of Mr. Perceval and the final appointment of a new administration, as an interregnum unparalleled in the annals of Great Britain. It does not fall within our plan to give even an abstract of the intricate, delicate, and multiform negociations exhibited in endless letters, notes, memorandums, and minutes, which were ineffectually exchanged during that interval between the leading public characters of the country, with a view to compound a ministry to direct the affairs of the kingdom. A volume of no common size would scarcely hold the history and documents of that extraordinary negociation.—*Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem!!* Shortly after Mr. Perceval's death, His Royal Highness the Prince Regent fixed upon Lord Liverpool to fill the office of First Lord of the Treasury; and upon the Right Honourable Nicholas Vansittart to hold that of Chancellor of the Exchequer; and overtures were made to the Marquis of Wellesley and Mr. Canning to join the cabinet. The failure of these is to be ascribed to a difference in opinion upon two great political points; the existing administration refusing to pledge themselves to a more vigorous pursuit of the war in the Peninsula, and to make any concession in favour of the Catholics. Before this negociation was broken off, the House of Commons, at the motion of Mr. Stuart Wortley, by a majority of two, voted, on the 21st of May, an address to be presented to the Regent, praying him "to take such measures as would tend to forming

a strong, vigorous, and efficient administration." This resolution, and His Royal Highness's answer, —"I shall take into my serious and immediate consideration the resolution now laid before me by order of the House of Commons,"—induced Lord Liverpool and the existing cabinet to resign their respective offices, the functions of which they however continued *ad interim* until the arrangements for a ministry should be finally settled. The task of forming an administration was now conferred by the Regent upon Marquis Wellesley. His overtures to the existing temporary ministry were ineffectual, both on account of the difference of opinion already stated, and also on grounds of personal objections, or, as the noble marquis expressed himself, "dreadful animosities." Equally abortive were his proposals to Lords Grenville and Grey, not so much in consequence of any decisive variance on political matters, as on a belief entertained by these statesmen, that the share which they were to have in the cabinet, was not commensurate with their character and weight as the leading men of a great party. Thus foiled, Marquis Wellesley resigned his commission into the hands of the Prince Regent, who, upon this, selected Lord Moira as the conductor of the next operations towards forming a cabinet. His lordship accordingly made overtures to the three parties that had before been applied to; but on the one hand the disinclination to concede any thing to the Irish Catholics, and on the other, a condition proposed by Lords Grenville and Grey, that the Prince's household should, on their accession to administration, be partially, at least, dismissed, equally defeated Lord Moira's efforts. Thus disappointed in all his endeavours to unite the principal men of the different parties, the Prince Regent finally confirmed the original appointments of the cabinet, which is now composed of the following members:

Lord LIVERPOOL, First Lord of the Treasury.
Lord BATHURST, Secretary of State for War and Colonies.
Lord CASTLEREAGH, ditto for the Foreign Department.
Lord SIDMOUTH, ditto for the Home Department.
Earl of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, President of the Board of Controul.
Mr. VANSITTART, Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Lord ELDON, Lord Chancellor.
Lord MELVILLE, First Lord of the Admiralty.
Earl of WESTMORELAND, Lord Privy Seal.
Lord MULGRAVE, Master of the Ordnance.
Lord HARROWBY, President of the Council.

The administration has already actively entered upon the exercise of its duties. A question, decisive of its parliamentary strength, was carried by a majority of 125. The loan for the service of the ensuing year (£22,500,000) has been negociated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Budget of Ways and Means laid before parliament. The new taxes it contains are far less burthensome than the urgent wants of the country might have led to expect.

A most important change in the maritime and commercial policy of

this country is on the eve of taking place. The committee of the House of Commons had scarcely concluded the examination of a great mass of evidence, as to the effect produced upon the commerce of the kingdom by the Orders in Council issued in 1807 and 1809, when Mr. Brougham brought on his motion for an address to the Regent, praying the repeal of these orders. His luminous speech on that subject seemed to make so strong an impression on the House, that ministers did not press a division, and Mr. Brougham withdrew his motion, on Lord Castlereagh's pledging himself to at least a suspension of the Orders in Council. The document, declaratory of that change of system, has not yet been issued; but ministers have declared, that so much of the orders as related to America would be rescinded, on her withdrawing her hostile and restrictive acts against England, restoring the freedom of trade between both countries, and admitting British ships of war into her waters and ports as those of friendly nations.

The special commission appointed for the trial of the rioters in the county of Chester, was opened at Chester on the 24th May. A considerable number of the deluded offenders have been since tried, convicted, and passed sentence upon; and several have already expiated their crime with their lives. Nevertheless, although the spirit of open defiance to the laws of society has much subsided, clandestine nocturnal meetings have become more and more frequent and alarming. The object of these is almost exclusively to obtain fire-arms, and the information obtained by the *Luddites*, as they are called, of the persons and places where to seek for arms, is generally so exact, that their depredations are seldom unattended with success. It is apparently not from distress that their outrages proceed, as those who have been taken were not unprovided with money; their motives must be sought for in a wanton spirit of insubordination, and a direct hostility to all the laws of social order.

On Monday (8th June), at three o'clock in the morning, the eastern rope-house in Plymouth Dock-yard was discovered to be on fire, nearly in the center of the building, which is about 1400 feet long. The flames raged and spread with incredible fury till seven o'clock in the morning. By cutting off as much as possible at each extremity, about 400 feet of the premises were saved. The extensive machinery for ropes and cables was almost totally destroyed; but of stores the loss is stated to be less considerable, as few happened to be in the building. The extent of the damage is not valued at less than £30,000; and some suspicious circumstances attending the breaking out of the fire induced government to send down the solicitor of the navy, accompanied by a police officer, in order to take depositions, and ascertain the cause of the conflagration.

Plate 3.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

The French curtain represented in our engraving, has a simple, elegant drapery suspended on brass rosettes, ornamented with line and tassels. It is suited either for a library or morning room, in the cottage style; and may be made, to fancy, of any colour or kind of materials, suitable to the style and fitting up of the room, with mahogany dwarf book-cases, &c. &c. *en suite.*

MEDICAL REPORT.

An account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of May to the 15th of June, 1812.

Acute Diseases.—Catarrh, 1....Inflammatory sore-throat, 1...Acute rheumatism, 2..Erysipelas, 1..Cholera, 2...Hooping-cough, 2...Measles, 1...Diseases of infants, 5.

Chronic Diseases.—Cough and dyspnœa, 25..Pulmonary consumption, 4...Marasmus, 1...Scrofula, 2...Asthenia, 17...Hypochondriasis, 1...Chronic rheumatism, 6...Head-ach, 4...Vertigo, 2...Lumbago, 1...Palsy, 2...Dyspepsia, 3...Bilious vomiting, 1...Hœmatemesis, 1...Calculus, 1...Gravel, 2...Gastrodynia, 2...Jaundice, 1..Dropsy, 3..Worms, 5..Female complaints, 6.

We have now entered upon the most healthy season of the year, when Nature displays her budding treasures, and, with alluring smiles, invites us to partake of enjoyments that never satiate—of enjoyments that renovate health, inspire cheerfulness, and render the frame robust. Few people sufficiently appreciate the value of fresh air, or estimate the beneficial consequences of rural excursions, at a time when the whole atmosphere is impregnated with most grateful odours and salubrious essences. Where a patient has long suffered from a lingering disease, not depending upon causes which may be removed by medicine, and when no progress towards amendment is evident, a judicious physician will always propose a change of air, which frequently operates like a charm, and speedily restores the desponding sufferer to hope and life.

This fact is strongly exemplified in the hooping-cough. We see a child languishing for weeks, coughing with a violence which threatens destruction, and resisting all attempts at relief, we advise it to be removed to a different situation, and we are shortly informed of the almost immediate relief which followed. Again, we witness the happy effects of this universal agent in restoring the debility consequent on acute diseases, as well as in several chronic affections. Hence many persons have supposed that consumption might be cured by the patient returning to his native air, even when in a very advanced stage of the disorder. This, however, is rarely the case. Individuals often are terrified into a belief that they are consumptive, when they are merely labouring under the debilitating influence and depressing

July 1812.—Vol. 8.

The Repository

Of Arts, Literature, Commerce, Manufactures, Fashion, and Politics.

MANUFACTURERS, Factors, and Wholesale Dealers in Fancy Goods that come within the scope of this Plan, are requested to send Patterns of such new Articles as they come out, and if the requisites of Novelty, Fashion, and Elegance are united, the quantity necessary for this Magazine will be ordered. *R. Ackermann, 101, Strand, London.*

No. REPOSITORY OF ARTS, SCIENCE, &c. 43.

PATTERN for a VEIL.

power of an artificial atmosphere, and a cheerless occupation; restore them for a while to the freshness of the country, and the animating scenes of domestic life, and they soon become new men. Whatever may be said or thought, the inhabitants of a great city are merely prisoners; and those who wish to pass their days in happiness and in health, with the prospect of attaining a green old age, should, whenever occasion allows, emerge from their narrow boundaries, and range abroad through the wilds as well as the gardens of Nature.

"——— In these green days
Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head,
Life flows afresh, and young-ey'd Health exalts
The whole creation round."

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The favourable weather through the whole of the last two months has brought forth a burst of vegetable luxuriance, promising a more fruitful production than we are accustomed to anticipate in what is called in this climate an average year.

The wheat crop has thrown out a large ear, which has blossomed kindly, and the late growing showers have supplied the earth with a sufficient portion of moisture to bring the corn to the utmost degree of maturity. The only effect to prevent a full crop, is the great abundance of straw forced up by the late growing weather.

Barleys are a promising crop upon all soils, but will require dry weather to prevent their being thrown down.

Oats have belled kindly, and promise a full crop.

Beans, peas, and all the leguminous tribe have blossomed well, and are remarkably free from the fly.

The hay crop is most abundant, both on the up and low-lands. The late showery weather has somewhat impeded the getting it in upon the early mown lands, without doing much injury, except the delay. From the same cause the turnip fallows are in a backward, unclean state upon tenacious loams.

The tare, clover, and all the soiling crops have been most abundant.

If the weather continues favourable, the fruit crop, of every description, promises to be the most abundant.

The early potatoes, with every species of the spring brassica tribe, are in the most thriving state, and promise great relief till the harvest is secured.

ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

No. 1. A Pomona green figured sarsnet, calculated for spencers, pelisses, and evening robes. The decorations and trimming for this article are, ball or feathered fringe, Chinese floss trimming, to corre-

spond with the shade of the sarsnet—white lace, and white beads. It is sold by Messrs. King, Pall-Mall.

No. 2. A transparent striped Merino crape, for evening wear. It is usually formed in short tunics, round frocks, or Turkish loose robes. It is often seen united with fancy trimmings and folds of white satin; and may be ornamented as expressed in the article No. 1; and is sold by George and Bradley, Holywell-street, Strand.

No. 3 and 4 are articles calculated for the intermediate or domestic style of dress; and need little further remark, than that which points at their unobtrusive and becoming neatness. Robes of these materials should invariably be formed high in the throat, with long full sleeves—frills, ruffs, or collars of lace or needlework—and confined at the bottom of the waist and wrist with ribbons to suit. It is sold by T. and J. Smith, Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden.

Poetry.

JAMAICA.

A FRAGMENT.

By the late Bryan Edwards, *Esq.*

Jamaica's beauteous isle and genial clime
I sing. Attend, ye Britons! nor disdain
Th' advent'rous Muse to verdant vales that soars,
And radiant realms, beyond th' Atlantic wave;
Ardent to gather, for her Albion's brow,
A tropic wreath, green with immortal spring.

Guide of my earliest youth—a seraph now
In heav'n—tho' there, far nobler themes employ
Thy rapt'rous hours! wilt thou, my Teale (as wont,
Ere fate forbade) inspire my numbers? Thee,
Lov'd and lamented friend! I still invoke,
Whose magic verse with love of song first fir'd
My glowing bosom, and whose guardian hand,
In life's gay morn, from passion's devious maze
Oft turn'd my erring feet. Thy fav'rite groves
Once more I seek, and many a well-known haunt
Revisit, where the tender thought recalls
Thy social converse, and approving smile,
That cheer'd, in happier days, the sultry clime,
And half suppress'd th' involuntary sigh
For distant Albion! O, propitious still,
Dear honour'd shade (so pleas'd in life to stray
Down soft affection's path), on angel wings
Descending, hover o'er my lonely walk!
By thee first taught, thy own sweet lays still prompt,
My nightly musings, and my matin song.

And thou, dear soil maternal! tho' from thee
Again I wander, from my glowing breast
Nor distant skies, nor intervening seas,
Shall rase thy lov'd idea—native clime
Of beauty, virtue, liberty, and law!
And when my beaten bark, returning, dares
Once more the rough Atlantic, and thy cliffs
(Old Ocean's boast) high o'er the dusk-green wave,

Catch my full eyes, fond fancy pleas'd shall paint
Thy vallies doubly fertile, doubly bright
Thy hills: then shall th' accordant Muse exult
With higher rapture, and with strength-en'd wing
Explore a loftier flight—thy praise her theme.

Meanwhile, ye torrid heav'ns, not un-dismay'd,
Nor with undazzled sight, the scene un-trod,
I seek your burning confines; where sublime
Yon wond'rous mountains rise, whose shaggy sides
Invests th' ethereal azure, and whose brows
Th' eternal vapour shrouds! Great na-ture there
Reigns in dread majesty and unshorn strength.
Ye hoary piles, ye heav'n-aspiring cliffs!
Say, did th' Almighty Father bid uprear
Your many-tower'd heights, what time his voice
Creative first inform'd th' unactive mass?
Or, laid the Sov'reign Architect alone
Your firm foundations in th' unfathom'd waves,
And saw your lofty peaks emerging rise
Slow and progressive? Ages thus (if thus
Th' Eternal plann'd) have roll'd away, nor seen
Your mighty infancy; and still perhaps
Shall long revolving ages roll, ere stops
Your giant growth! Oft' midst your secret shades
(Conflicting thunders echoing deep below)
Musing I wander, and admiring trace
Old ocean's abdicated empire there.
I see, in wond'rous strata, deep and vast,
Extraneous forms, once subjects of the main,
The branching coral, and the pearly shell,
Left by the refluent waters, as the earth
From chaos rose; or when th' uplifted surge
Broke from his strong foundations, and o'er-whelm'd
The sons of men impenitent! Some deem
The mountains then, proud Teneriffe's peak,
Atlas, and mightier Andes, first display'd
Their uncouth summits--fix'd in awful sign
Of wrath divine awak'd! that many a realm—
Seat of proud empire since—was but a wreck
Of the crush'd world, and ev'n th' At-lantic isles
But splendid ruins; the dispers'd remains
Of some fair continent, wide-spreading once
From Apalachia's hills to Paria's gulph—
The same, perchance, of which Egyptus' lore
To godlike Solon told. But pitying Heav'n,
Still merciful in anger, mark'd and spar'd
The scatter'd fragments; o'er them gra-cious threw
The robe of radiant beauty, and ordain'd
Sweet plenty crown their vales, and health their shores.

Ye happy islands, in the wond'rous change
Rejoice! nor envy Mexico's proud realms,
Nor rich Potosi's ore, sad source of crimes
And seas of guiltless blood! Th' un-healthful mine
Useless and barren, 'till exchanged its dross
For nobler products. Thousands, too, condemn'd
(Hard fate!) t'explore the latent metals, die
Inglorious. Ev'n the ambient air is fraught
With poison: the poor slave who has not seen,
For many a mournful year, his parent sun,
Falls not alone: from earth's deep ca-verns rise
Foul baleful blasts, that scatter fate around;
While the dank wood, which never sun-beam pierc'd,
Boundless as ocean, as the deluge old,
Blends the moist vapour, and infects the heavens.

Nor only the dank wood, and noxious mine,
Mark the wild wastes beneath the burning zone:
On Darien's marshy shores, and the rank plains
Of hot Guiana, to the sick'ning gale,
O'er many a solitary league outspread,
Th' unnavigable pool malignant breathes
Putrid contagion. The proud lake that laves,
In fab'lous lore, Dorado's golden walls,
Sleeps stagnant; or, by autumn's floods when swoln,
Breathes wider ruin; teeming monstrous births
And reptile tribes in myriads, without name,
Unclean and noisome. In the tainted breeze
Pale Death exults, and snuffs his prey afar!

Rejoice, ye beauteous isles! whose happier shores
Nor foul infection blots, nor births obscene
Dare enter. Thee, Jamaica, chiefly thee,
Be grateful ever. Fragrant are thy woods,
Thy hills salubrious, and thy vallies gay.
Tho' fierce the sun that gilds thy sultry plains,
Shades unpolluted, sweetly murm'ring rills,
Are thine: from ev'ry hill exub'rant flows
The bubbling fountain, whence thy fainting sons
Drink life and joy. Now, while the dazzling heav'ns
Pour on my aching brows their fires intense,
Waft me, ye balmy, salutary gales,
To the cool margent of Agualta's* flood,
Whose deep delicious shades the noontide beam
Knows not to pierce! Where Leganez' blue hills,
In formidable state, aërial rise,
The parent god, mid' clouds and storms sublime,
Holds his imperial throne; there, joyful sees
His tributary vapours round him spread,
And hears, responsive to his deep-ton'd voice,
The deeper thunder. From his secret urn
A thousand riv'lets stream; soft warbling some;
Others precipitant, with louder tone,
Call the fix'd eye to where the vast cascade
Falls bright in awful beauty; 'till the sire
His vagrant train unites, and to the vale
Pours fierce th' impetuous torrent. Gently now,
Pleas'd with the cool recess, the copious flood
Oft turns delighted, ling'ring as he rolls!

And ever gently roll, sweet stream, as now
Soft murm'ring; in thy crystal waters still
May languor solace, and affliction's sons
Drink sweet oblivion. Bathe your wearied limbs,
Ye Lybian maidens, unreprov'd, unaw'd:
(Nor sportive smiles, nor hov'ring loves disdain
Your harmless revels.) While the yielding wave
Some clasp with circling arm, and buoyant float
The profluent eddy; others, bolder still,
Plunge in the blue profound, and pleas'd far off
Emerge exulting. In the jocund toil
They waste th' unconscious hours; forgot awhile—
Could slavery but forget—past cruel wrongs,
And dread of future woes. But soon (too soon!)
The sportive smiles, and hov'ring loves, are fled—
For now, the bank obtain'd (th' invidious term

* A river so called in the mountains of Jamaica.

Of sweet indulgence pass'd), afflictive thought,
And aching memory, and anxious dread,
Cloud each dejected brow. Soft Ebo* nymphs
Awake the plaintive lay; their own sad fate,
Torn from their native fields and sable loves,
Lamenting loud. The hard impending rocks
Their sighs re-echo, and Agualta flows
In deeper murmurs. Israel's daughters thus,
In artless strains, by Babylon's proud stream,
Bewail'd their captive doom, and Zion lost!

But, lo! triumphant, thro' the gates of morn—
Not with meek roseate smile, and gentle step
Soft-stealing; but with ardent eye inflam'd—
Day's radiant god his burning axle drives,
And unrelenting, o'er the scorched plains
Leads the hot hours. Quick from his piercing gaze
Shrinks the young twilight, and affrighted seeks
Th' embow'ring grove, and mountains' western shade.

'Tis languor all! Wide o'er the sultry shore
The blazing torrent spreads: th' unruffled sea
Shines like fus'd silver; and the solar ray,
Thence fierce reflected, darts redoubled fire.
No kindly interposing cloud is seen;
No zephyr breathes. The stagnant air o'erpowers
Life's functions; and chill age, and ardent youth,

* The Ebo negroes are the gentlest and mildest of all the nations of Africa. They never rise into rebellion; but often sink under a sense of their condition, and destroy themselves.

Invoke, with blended pray'r, the ling'ring breeze.

He comes! he comes! the silvery wave afar
The salutary pow'r proclaims: and now
His parent sun he follows, and, elate,
Leads o'er the laughing land his sportive train.
O blow, delightful gales, and on your wings
Sweet coolness bring! So from my airy bow'rs
Shall bloated Febris fly; th' Iberian vales
Her fit abode, where Cuba's slothful sons,
In woods ne'er open'd to the cheering ray,
Their languid hours drag on, forbidding thee,
Kind breeze, to enter—thee, best friend to life!

Nature revives! The vivid ether flows
Pure, balmy, vig'rous; to the sinking soul
Breathing elysium. Meantime ocean smiles,
And day's fierce tyrant pours, or seems to pour,
A milder radiance, and a soften'd beam.

Rejoicing in the gale, a lovelier green
Th' enliven'd cane-field wears, and gently waves
Luxuriant. To the unpolluted ear
How musical, amid the verdant ranks,
The breeze soft whisp'ring! Nor untuneful even
His mightier voice resounding, when the waves,
Driv'n by his breath, rage idly on the shore.

Yet days there are when unrelenting heat
Unconquer'd triumphs; when the healing breeze
Comes not, or struggling flags his weary wings
Oppress'd. 'Tis then your lone retreats, ye hills,
Once more I seek; your pure etherial air

I drink, and live. Meantime the varied scene,
Awful and boundless, draws th' enchanted eye,
'Till wonder ends, in rapt devotion lost!

(To be continued.)

AN ENIGMA BY LORD THURLOW.

If it be true, as Welchmen say,
Honour depends on pedigree;
Then stand by, clear the way,
Retire, ye sons of haughty Gower,
And ye, the race of proud Glendower,
And let me have fair play.

For tho' you boast thro' ages dark
Your pedigree from Noah's ark,
Painted on parchment nice;
I'm older still, tho' I was there,
As that before I did appear
With Eve in Paradise.

For I was Adam, Adam I,
And I was Eve, and Eve was I,
In spite of wind and weather;
Yet mark me, Adam was not I,
Neither was Mrs. Adam I,
Unless they were together.

Suppose, then, Eve and Adam talking;
With all my heart, but if they're walking,
Then ends all simile:
Tho' I've a tongue, and often talk,
And also legs, yet when I walk
It puts an end to me.

Not such an end but that I've breath;
Therefore, to such a kind of death
I make but small objection:
For soon I come again in view,
And tho' a Christian, yet 'tis true,
I die by resurrection.

ON THE REVIVAL OF THE IRISH HARP.

And shall the harp be heard once more,
And breathe its strains on Erin's shore?
And shall we hear the minstrel's song,
Which dire neglect has hush'd so long?
Oh! yes, the cloud is nearly past
Which sorrow on our island cast;
For sure the dawn of hope is near
When Erin's bards again we hear.

Thus, Memnon's lyre ne'er breath'd a sound
When darkness spread the gloom around;
But soon as past the shades of night
Its cheerful cadence hail'd the light.

And thus our harp neglected hung,
Untouch'd, unheeded, and unstrung,
Till sorrow's night had pass'd away,
And Heaven restor'd a brilliant day.

EMMA D.

Sent to the fair Author of the above Lines, with a Straw Harp crowned with Shamrock.

Fair bard! whose simply warbling numbers
Can wake to voice the harp that slumbers;
Whose gentle minstrelsy prolongs
Thine Erin's own sweet pensive songs:

Dear daughter of the tuneful Nine,
A correspondent gift be thine;
For, lo! thy meed, an harp I send,
Where Erin's own productions blend.

And while these emblems, simply fair,
Shall deck thy fancy-braided hair,
While gazing, kindling crowds admire
On beauty's brow lov'd Erin's lyre,

Oh! then shall inspiration meet
Thine own prophetic lay complete—
Thine eyes' soft beams each heart shall move
That feels the touch of patriot love;
And ev'ry chord, like Memnon's lyre,
Shall vibrate with celestial fire.

R. W.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from May 25 to 30.

TOTAL, 5,507 quarters.—Average, 126s. 0¾d. per quarter, or 4s. 8½d. per quarter lower than last return.

Return of Flour from May 30 to June 5.

TOTAL, 14,311 sacks.—Average, 109s. 1¾d. per sack, or 6s. 0¾d. per sack lower than last return.

Average of England and Wales, June 6.

	s	d		s	d		s	d
Wheat	132	3	Barley	75	9	Beans	72	11
Rye -	83	2	Oats -	49	8	Pease	73	3

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	s.	s.
Wheat white, per quarter	100	115	154
——red - -	100	110	140
——foreign	90	110	163
Rye - - -	78	84	88
Barley, English	60	64	68
Malt - - -	76	90	100
Oats Feed -	42	46	50
——Friezland	—	—	—
——Poland	48	54	57
——Potatoe	52	55	59
Beans, Pigeon	68	70	74
——Horse -	—	—	—
Pease, Boiling	66	76	90
—— Grey -	60	66	78
Flour per sack	120	—	—
——Seconds	95	100	—
——Scotch	90	105	—

	s.	s.	s.
Tares, per bushel -	10	12	14
Turnip - -	25	26	28
Mustard, brown -	16	19	22
——white	12	16	18
Canary, per qr.	105	115	120
Hempseed -	50	54	58
Linseed - -	86	100	120
Clover, red, per cwt.	50	74	80
—— white	84	105	120
—— foreign, red	52	80	84
—— white	95	110	126
Trefoil - -	15	30	45
Carraway -	72	76	80
Coriander -	40	42	44

American Flour —s a —s per barrel of 196lbs.

Rapeseed, per last - - - - £70 a £72 a £75

Oil Cakes, per thousand £16. 16s. to £17. 0s. per 1,000 cakes of 3lb. each.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s		s
Muscovade, fine	78	a	85
—— good	71	a	77
—— ordinary	65	a	70
East India, white	80	a	95
—— yellow	64	a	79
—— brown	64	a	79
MOLASSES —s. —d. a 40s.			
REFINED SUGAR.			
Double Loaves	124	a	140
Hambro' ditto	98	a	108
Powder ditto	98	a	108
Single ditto	95	a	104
Canary Lumps	94	a	104
Large ditto	91	a	93
Bastards, whole	69	a	72
—— faces	74	a	80
—— middles	71	a	73
—— tips -	68	a	70
GINGER.			
Jamaica, white	82	a	200
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	80
—— black	70	a	75
RICE, *Bonded.*			
Carolina -	24	a	26
Brazil - -	26	a	28

COFFEE, *Bonded.*

	s	d		s	d
Dominica, Surinam, &c.					
Fine -	75	0	a	85	0
Good	70	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	67	0	a	69	0
Triage	30	0	a	50	0
Jamaica.					
Fine -	75	0	a	85	0
Good	60	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	40	0	a	59	0
Triage	20	0	a	39	0
Mocha	300	0	a	600	0
Bourbon	90	0	a	120	0
St. Domingo	60	0	a	70	0
Java -	90	0	a	100	0
COCOA, *Bonded.*					
Trinidad and Carraccas	90	0	a	100	0
Plantation	65	0	a	80	0
SPICES and PEPPER, per lb.					
Nutmegs	18	0	a	24	0
Cloves	10	0	a	10	6
Cinnamon	10	6	a	11	6
Mace	36	0	a	42	0
Pepp. white	5	3	a	—	0
—— black	2	5	a	2	6
Pimento	2	0	a	—	0

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 45s. 0d.

Sugars have been very dull this month, and generally 2s per cwt cheaper.

HOPS *in the Borough.*

BAGS	£	s		£	s
Kent - -	4	15	a	6	0
Sussex - -	4	4	a	5	10
Essex - -	0	0	a	0	0

POCKETS	£	s		£	s
Kent - -	5	5	a	7	0
Sussex - -	4	10	a	6	6
Farnham -	5	0	a	8	8

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

June		Wheat, s		Wheat, s	Barley, s		Barley, s	Oats, s		Oats, s	Beans, s		Beans, s	Peas, s		Peas, s
Newcastle	6	105	a	135	64	a	68	44	a	56	70	a	78	88	a	98
Northampton	6	120	a	132	62	a	65	50	a	54	66	a	71	—	a	—
Canterbury	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Lewes	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Chesterfield	6	120	a	144	75	a	—	55	a	64	80	a	—	—	a	—
Ashborne	6	124	a	140	—	a	—	56	a	60	80	a	84	—	a	—
Guildford	6	130	a	146	—	a	—	54	a	63	70	a	84	—	a	—
Gainsboro'	9	128	a	134	72	a	74	52	a	60	80	a	84	—	a	—
Louth	10	120	a	126	54	a	70	36	a	45	62	a	73	—	a	—
Huntingdon	6	116	a	132	60	a	70	40	a	50	70	a	80	—	a	—
Newark	10	130	a	137	—	a	—	51	a	57	77	a	80	—	a	—
Spilsby	8	110	a	130	75	a	84	46	a	54	—	a	—	—	a	—
Reigate	8	128	a	144	62	a	70	50	a	56	78	a	80	72	a	74
Devizes	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Reading	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Swansea	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Henley	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Maidenhead	10	110	a	152	67	a	74	52	a	60	78	a	80	—	a	—
Salisbury	9	122	a	138	60	a	72	46	a	58	76	a	86	—	a	—
Penrith	9	124	a	—	64	a	—	59	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Hull	9	115	a	130	68	a	72	46	a	57	72	a	77	—	a	—
Basingstoke	10	128	a	148	66	a	72	52	a	58	76	a	80	—	a	—
Wakefield	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Andover	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Warminster	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—

SPIRITS, *per Gallon (exclusive of duty).*

	s	d		s	d
Brandy, Cog.	8	9	a	9	6
—— Spanish	5	0	a	5	2
Hollands Gin	8	0	a	8	6
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	9
—— Lew. Isl.	3	8	a	4	6

	s	d		s	d
Mol. Spirits, British	13	10	a	14	0
—— Irish -	0	0	a	0	0
—— Scotch	0	0	a	0	0
Spirits of Wine	24	0	a	0	0

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR MAY, 1812.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, *Esq.*

1812. MAY	Wind.	Pressure. Max.	Pressure. Min.	Pressure. Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Temperature. Min.	Temperature. Mean.	Weather.	Evap.	Rain
1	N E 2	30,20	30,00	30,100	50,0°	40,0°	45,00°	cloudy	—	
2	S 1	30,20	29,86	30,030	52,0	38,0	45,00	fine	—	
3	W 2	29,86	29,73	29,795	54,0	37,5	45,75	brilliant	—	
☽ 4	W 2	29,80	29,73	29,765	55,0	37,0	46,00	brilliant	—	
5	W 2	30,00	29,80	29,900	56,0	37,0	46,50	brilliant	—	
6	N W 2	30,15	30,00	30,075	53,0	37,0	45,00	cloudy	—	
7	N E 2	30,15	30,60	30,075	51,0	42,0	46,50	cloudy	—	
8	S 2	30,00	29,70	29,850	71,0	42,0	56,50	brilliant	—	
9	S W 2	29,70	29,65	29,675	72,0	54,0	63,00	variable	—	—
● 10	S 2	29,65	29,45	29,550	63,0	49,0	56,00	variable	—	—
11	W 3	29,65	29,20	29,425	61,5	50,0	55,75	cloudy	—	
12	W 2	29,45	29,42	29,435	62,0	44,0	53,00	cloudy	*—	
13	W 1	29,45	29,42	29,435	59,0	44,0	51,50	clear	—	1,300
14	W 1	29,70	29,42	29,560	61,0	48,0	54,50	rainy	—	—
15	W 2	30,15	29,70	29,925	63,0	43,0	53,00	showery	—	—
16	N E 2	30,33	30,15	30,240	53,0	45,0	49,00	cloudy	.320	
17	E 4	30,33	30,21	30,270	56,0	45,0	50,50	cloudy	—	—
☾ 18	E 3	30,20	29,96	30,080	55,0	40,0	47,50	cloudy	—	
19	E 2	29,96	29,70	29,830	58,0	45,0	51,50	cloudy	—	—
20	E 2	29,70	29,65	29,675	57,0	48,0	52,50	cloudy	.325	
21	N 1	29,90	29,65	29,775	57,5	48,0	52,75	cloudy	—	
22	N 1	30,30	29,90	30,100	57,0	41,0	49,00	brilliant	—	
23	S 1	30,35	30,30	30,325	67,0	40,0	53,50	cloudy	.310	1,105
24	S W 1	30,35	30,26	30,305	75,0	48,0	61,50	gloomy	—	
25	W 1	30,26	29,96	30,110	72,0	50,0	61,00	rainy	—	—
○ 26	W 1	29,96	29,65	29,805	71,0	54,0	62,50	rainy	—	—
27	N W 2	29,65	29,40	29,525	71,0	55,0	63,00	gloomy	—	
28	S 1	29,54	29,40	29,470	72,0	54,0	63,00	brilliant	.500	.605
29	S 2	29,54	29,45	29,495	70,0	55,0	62,50	rainy	—	—
30	S W 2	29,70	29,45	29,575	72,0	52,0	62,00	cloudy	—	
31	W 3	29,70	29,40	29,550	65,0	48,0	56,50	showery	.205	.405
			Mean	29,862		Mean	53,58		1,660	3,415

* Observations on the evaporation resumed.

RESULTS.

Mean barometrical pressure, 29.862—maximum, 30.35, wind S. 1—minimum, 29.20, wind W. 3—Range 1.15 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .65 of an inch, which was on the 11th.

Mean temperature, 53°58.—Maximum, 75° wind S.W. 1—Minimum 37° wind N W 1—Range 38.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 29°, which was on the 8th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 7 inches—Number of changes, 14.

Quantity of water evaporated since the 11th, 1.660 inch.

Rain, &c, this month, 3.415 inch.—Number of wet days, 10 —Total rain this year, 17.555 in.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
2	3	4	0	5	3	12	2	0	0

Brisk winds 3—Boisterous ones 1.

The mean diurnal temperature, which marked the close of the preceding month, gained a gradual augmentation to the 7th of the present. On the following day (the 8th) the air received an additional heat of ten degrees, when it shewed the greatest variation of the month in twenty-four hours. The minimum of the following day was as high as 54°, which raised the mean for the day to 63°.

The brilliancy of the atmosphere now changed to a humid and gloomy state, and which continued to the close, with the exception of occasional gleams of sunshine.

Lightning and distant thunder have frequently occurred. On the 10th there were several faint peals, which seemed to effect a diminution of the previous sudden increased temperature. On the 28th, in the evening, after a brilliant day, a low barometrical pressure, and high temperature, clouds began to form, and the wind to blow from two opposite points, the higher current due south, and the lower north; soon after thunder was heard, and rain fell in slight showers; the clouds soon dispersed. The following day there were much lightning and thunder in the afternoon. On the 31st similar occurrences took place. These various circumstances evidently co-operated in lowering the previous high temperature.

The mean monthly temperature is 11° more than that of April; the maximum occurred on the 25th, and the minimum on the 3d and three following days. Prevailing winds, west.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE FOR MAY, 1812.

Conducted by Mr. J. Gibson, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1812 MAY	Wind.	Pressure. Max.	Min.	Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Min.	Mean.	Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
1	N	30,06	29,99	30,025	55°	45°	50,0°	cloudy	—	—
2	N E	29,99	29,84	29,915	57	42	49,5	cloudy	—	
3	Var.	29,84	29,80	29,820	57	34	45,5	fine	—	
☽ 4	N W	29,96	29,84	29,900	61	37	49,0	clear	—	
5	Var.	30,04	29,96	30,000	63	40	51,5	clouds	—	
6	E	30,07	30,04	30,055	64	43	53,5	fine	.47	
7	E	30,07	29,96	30,015	62	46	54,0	fine	—	
8	Var.	29,96	29,86	29,910	76	53	64,5	fine	—	
9	S	29,87	29,84	29,855	75	55	65,0	clouds	.67	
● 10	S W	29,87	29,70	29,785	61	54	57,5	rain	—	—
11	S W	29,70	29,69	29,695	67	50	58,5	showers	—	—
12	N W	29,69	29,66	29,675	63	46	54,5	showers	.38	.39
13	S W	29,68	29,66	29,670	60	44	52,0	showery	—	.26
14	S W	29,80	29,68	29,740	64	39	51,5	cloudy	—	
15	N	29,96	29,80	29,880	58	44	51,0	showery	—	—
16	N	30,00	29,96	29,980	63	45	54,0	showery	—	—
17	N E	30,00	29,96	29,980	54	46	50,0	showery	—	—
☾ 18	E	29,96	29,87	29,915	68	48	58,0	clouds	.43	.17
19	E	29,87	29,75	29,810	70	55	62,5	cloudy	—	.32
20	W	29,77	29,75	29,760	66	54	60,0	clouds	—	—
21	Var.	29,96	29,77	29,865	67	46	56,5	rainy	—	.50
22	N W	30,18	29,96	30,070	52	38	45,0	fair	—	
23	E	30,25	30,18	30,215	64	48	56,0	fair	.42	
24	S E	30,25	30,15	30,200	61	54	57,5	cloudy	—	—
25	S W	30,15	29,98	30,065	66	54	60,0	cloudy	—	—
○ 26	N W	29,98	29,68	29,830	77	56	66,5	fine	.41	
27	S	29,69	29,67	29,680	78	53	65,5	fine	—	
28	S E	29,69	29,69	29,690	75	56	65,5	cloudy	—	.16
29	S E	29,84	29,69	29,765	76	54	65,0	showery	—	—
30	W	29,86	29,84	29,850	78	54	66,0	clouds	—	—
31	S W	29,87	29,84	29,855	72	57	64,5	showers	.89	.33
			Mean	29,886		*Mean*	56,7	*Total*	3,67*in.*	2,13*in.*

Erratum.—In the Table for April—for 30,985, mean height of the barometer, *read*, 29,952 inches.

RESULTS. Prevailing winds, westerly.—Mean height of barometer, 29,886 inches—thermometer, 56,7°.—Total of evaporation 3,67 inches.—Rain 2,13 inches—total in another guage 2,07 inches.

Notes.—3d. A stratus on the marshes at night.—4th. Morning remarkably fine—white frost.—6th. Wind strong and cold from the E. in the evening.—10th, 11th, and 12th, showery days.—13th. Day very showery; some large hail in the afternoon, and several claps of thunder.—14th. Cloudy and fine—a stratus on the marshes at night.—17th. Very cloudy day, with showers.—18th. A lunar halo at night—a stratus on the marshes.—19th. Day cloudy and fine. About half past eight o'clock, P. M. the whole horizon, from the E. by the S. to the W. became suddenly darkened, and there was every appearance of an approaching storm; in about a quarter of an hour it commenced in the S. the thunder and lightning being at first very distant: they soon, however, increased to a very great degree; the lightning almost incessant, and unusually vivid, the whole of the S. W. appearing, at times, as if in bright sunshine; at first it ran nearly in an horizontal line: about nine o'clock, observed some forked lightning in the S. W.—rain heavy, with very little wind. The whole continued about an hour and a half, when the wind was variable—fixed in the W. in the course of the night.—20th. Cloudy and fine—night showery.—21st. Very gloomy morning—rainy day.—21st. Rainy night.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for JUNE, 1812.

Albion Fire and Life Assurance	£49 a 50	p. sh.
Eagle Ditto	4	do.
London Ditto	£20 a 20 5s.	do.
Royal Exchange	290 a 291	do.
London Dock Stock	113½ a 114	p. ct.
West India do	150	do.
Chelsea Water-Works	£4 5 a 4 10	p. sh. pm.
East London Ditto	£80	do.
South London Ditto	31 10s.	do. dis.
West Middlesex Ditto	45	do.
Birmingham Canal	590	do.
Grand Surry Ditto	133	do.
Huddersfield Canal	£20	pr. sh.
Kennet and Avon Ditto	25	do.
Thames and Medway Ditto	30	do.
Wilts and Berks Ditto	18 a 19	do.
Leeds and Liverpool Ditto	205 a 208	do.
London Institution	£52 10s.	do.
Surry Ditto	15	do.
Auction Mart	34	do.
Covent-Garden Theatre	425	do.
Dover-street Road	15	do. dis.
Highgate Archway	30	do.
Gas Light Company	£4 10s.	do. pm.

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PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr.ct. Red.	4 pr.ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr.ct.	Long Ann.	Omnium	Impl. 3 pr.ct.	Impl. Anns.	Irish 5 pr. ct	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Stock	India Bonds.	Exchqr. Bills. 3½	St. Lotty. Tickets.	Cons. for Ac. Ma. 27
May 21	223½	60¼ a ⅝	59¾	74¾	91¾	15⅜	—	57¼	—	88	—	—	175	1 Pm.	5s. Pm.	£21.18s.	60⅝
22	223½	60⅝ a ⅞	60⅛	74⅞	91⅞	15 7/16	—	57⅞	5⅛	—	—	59¾	175	Par	5 Pm.		60⅞
23	223½	61⅛ a 60¾	60⅜	74⅞	92	15 7/16	—	—	—	—	—	60¼	175	1 Pm.	6 Pm.		61⅛
25	224	60¾ a ⅞	60⅛	74⅞	91⅞	15⅜	—	—	—	—	—	59⅞	175	1 Pm.	5 Pm.		60⅞
26	—	60⅞ a 61⅛	60⅜	75	92⅛	15 7/16	—	—	5 1/16	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	5 Pm.		61
27	224	61 a ¼	60½	75⅛	92¼	15 7/16	—	58¼	5⅛	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	5 Pm.	July 24	61½
28	224	61 a ¼	60½	75¼	92¼	15½	—	—	5⅛	—	—	—	175½	1 Pm.	5 Pm.		61½
29	—	61⅛ a ¼	60⅜	—	92¼	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	5 Pm.		61½
30	—	61⅜ a ⅛	60½	75¼	92¼	15½	—	58¾	—	—	—	—	175½	1 Pm.	5 Pm.		61⅝
June 1	224	61⅜ a 61	60⅜	75¼	92¼	15½	—	58⅛	5⅛	88½	66	60⅛	176	1 Pm.	6 Pm.		61½
2	223½	60⅞ a 61⅛	60⅜	75¼	92¼	15 7/16	2⅞ Dis.	57⅞	5 1/16	—	—	—	176¼	1 Pm.	5 Pm.		61½
3	—	Shut	60⅛	75⅛	92¼	15 7/16	—	58⅛	—	—	Shut	59⅞	Shut	1 Pm.	6 Pm.		61¼
4	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
5	223¼	—	60	75	Shut	15⅜	—	—	—	—	—	59⅞	—	1 Pm.	5 Pm.		61
6	222½	—	59¾	74¾	92¼	15 5/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 Pm.	5 Pm.		60⅞
8	—	—	59⅝	74⅝	92⅛	15 5/16	—	57⅜	—	—	—	—	—	Par	5 Pm.		60¾
9	—	—	59⅝	74⅝	92	15¼	—	—	—	88½	—	—	—	Par	5 Pm.		60⅝
10	—	—	59¼	74¼	91¾	15¼	—	57	—	88½	—	59	—	1 Dis.	5 Pm.		60⅜
11	—	—	59⅛	74⅛	91⅝	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 Dis.	4 Pm.		60¼
12	220	—	58⅞	73¾	91⅜	15⅛	—	56½	—	—	—	58½	—	2 Dis.	5 Pm.		60
13	—	—	58⅜	73⅝	90⅞	15⅛	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	6 Pm		59½
15	—	—	58⅛	73⅛	90½	15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	5 Pm.		59⅛
16	—	—	57⅝	73	90⅜	14 15/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5 Dis.	4 Pm.		58⅞
17	215½	—	56⅜	72¼	89⅝	15	—	54¼	5⅛	86¼	—	56⅛	—	6 Dis.	4 Pm		57¾
18	216	—	55⅝	72⅜	89⅝	15 1/16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 Dis.	4 Pm.		58
19	217	—	56⅝	72⅜	89⅜	15	—	55⅜	—	—	—	—	—	5 Dis.	4 Pm.		58⅛
20	—	—	57	72⅞	—	15⅛	2½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 Dis.	4 Pm.		58½

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